VOL. CCIX, No. 2732

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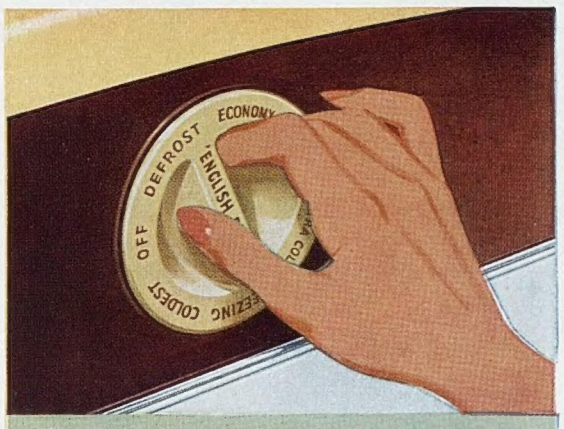

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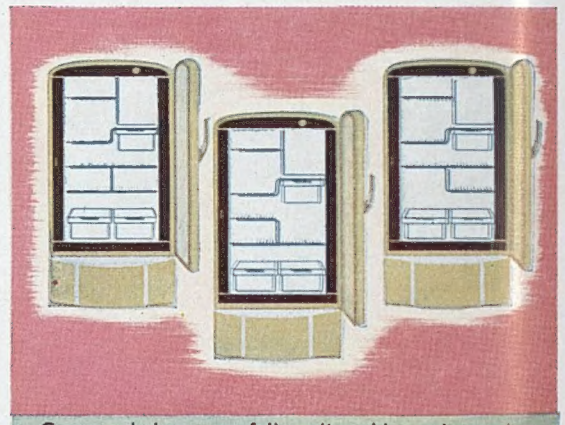

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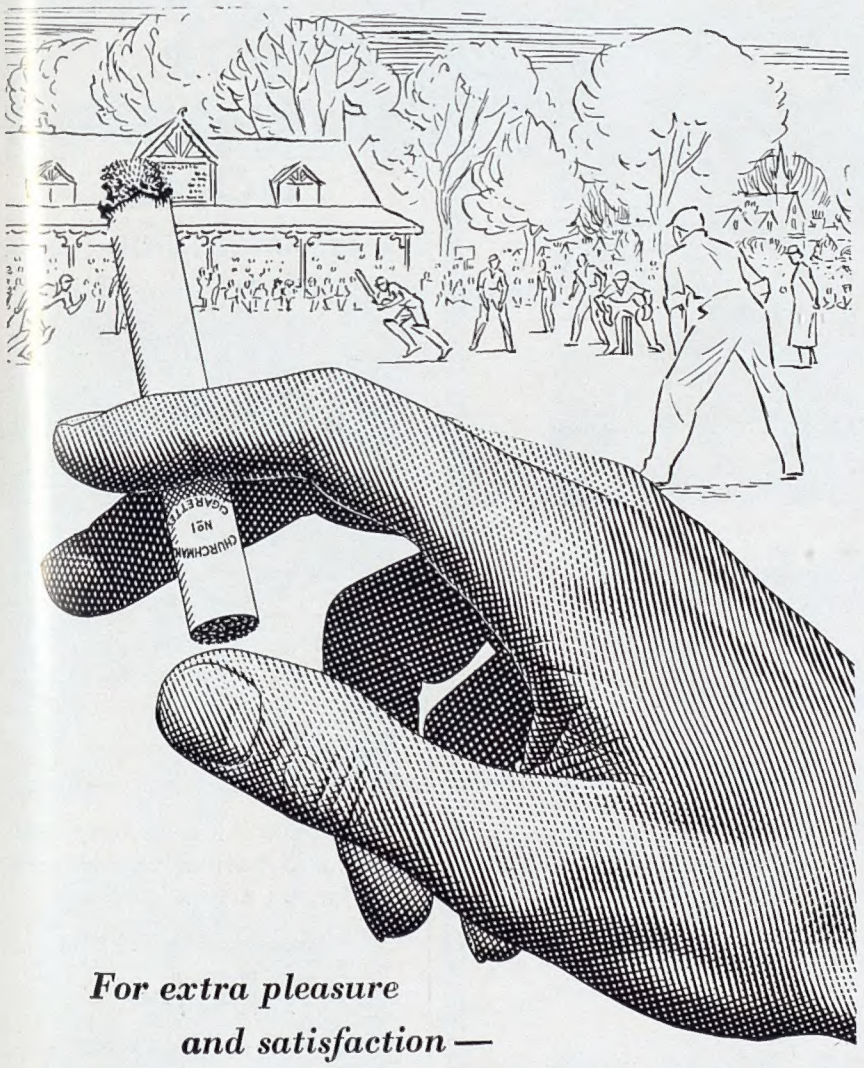

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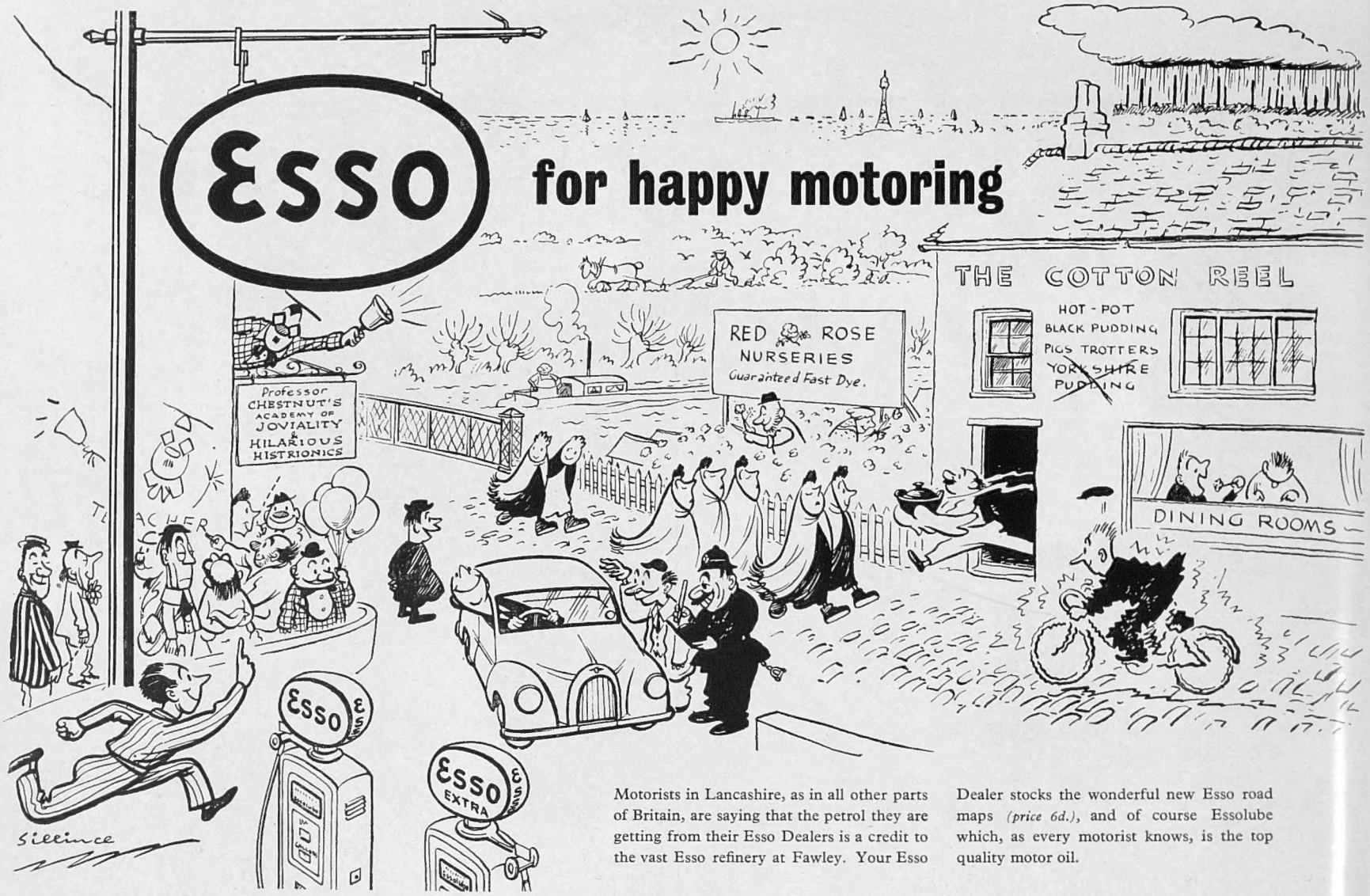

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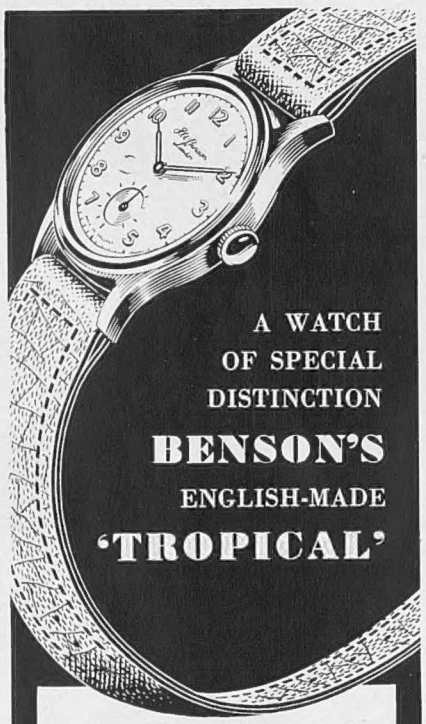

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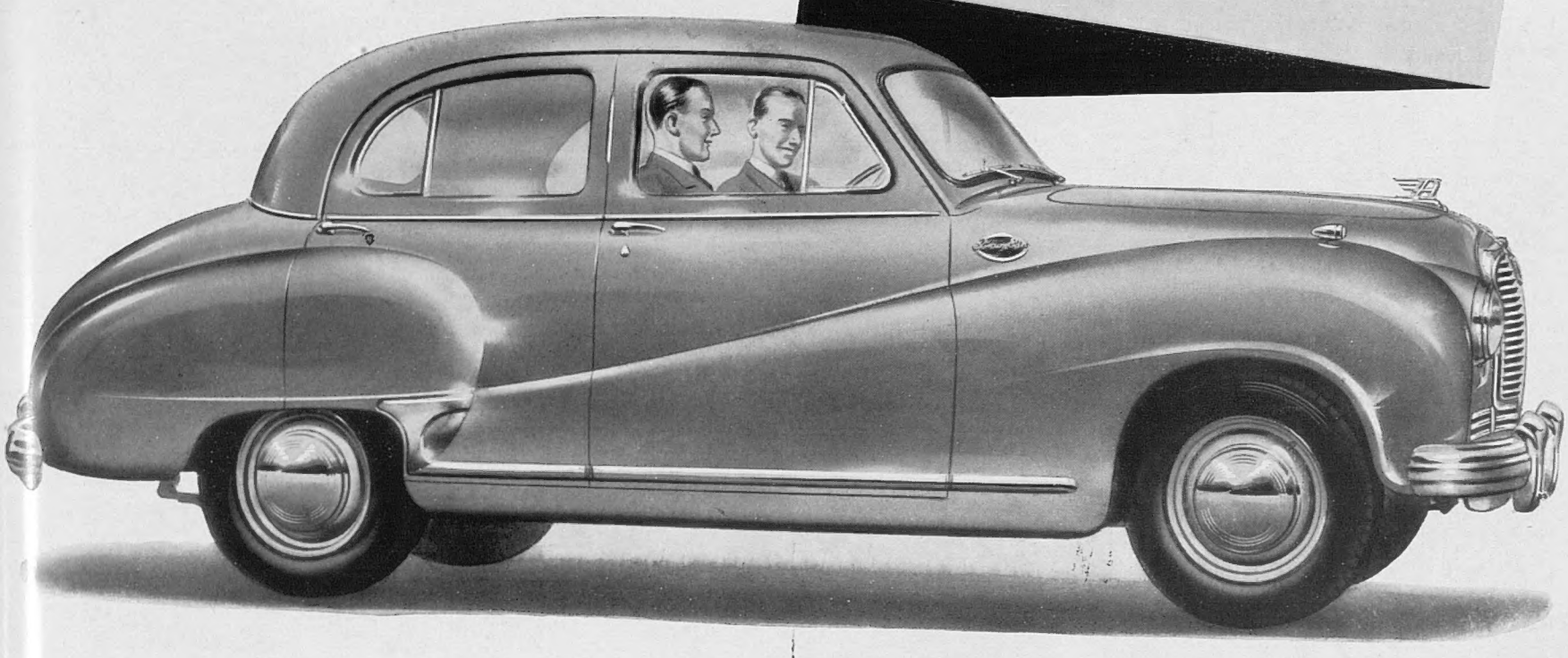

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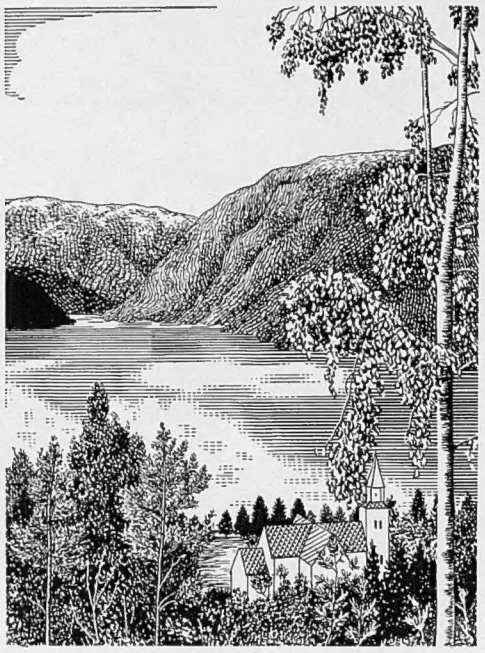

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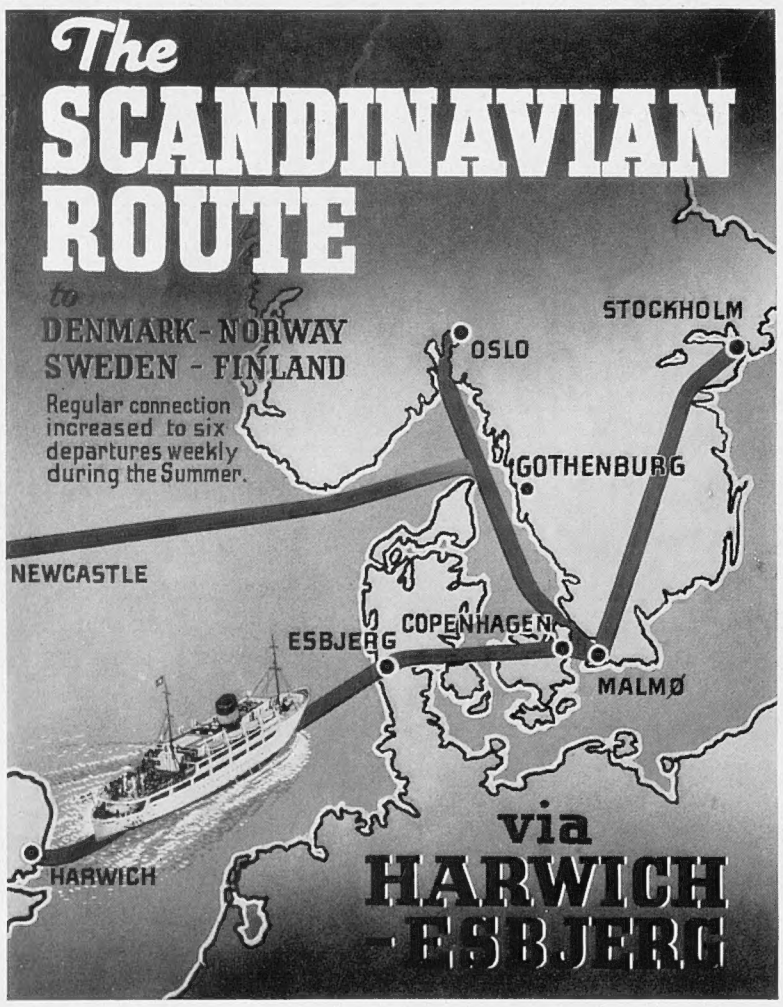

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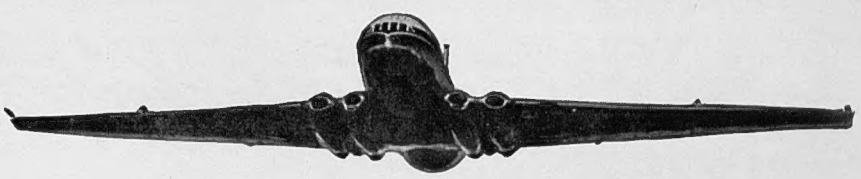

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Volume CCIX No. 2732

The SPHERE, London, June 21, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW—HER MAJESTY PRESENTING THE PRIZE ROSETTE TO LANCE-CORPORAL GEORGE MANNERS, OF THE BLUES, AFTER HE HAD WON THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHALLENGE CUP, OPEN TO THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY : This cup is awarded for the best full-dress turn-out of horse and man. This year Lance-Corporal Manners won on Archie. Last year, as Trooper Manners, he was successful with his mount Myrtle.

On the last day of the Richmond Royal Horse Show, the fifty-second show, Her Majesty the Queen spent three hours in the centre of the ring and handed trophies to several of the winners, including the winner of the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup. There was a great ovation for the Queen when, punctually at 2.30 p.m., in a car preceded by a police officer riding Winston, the horse she rode at the Trooping the Colour, Her Majesty arrived in the main ring. Winston was decked for the occasion with his police ceremonial saddle-cloth of black and gold. The Queen drove round the ring to the accompaniment of the National Anthem sung by the spectators, and then took her seat under an awning in the ring. This year the attendance at the Show beat all records ; and on the final day, when the all-time attendance record was beaten, the gates had to be closed at three o'clock. (Further pictures of the Richmond Show will be found on page 452 of this issue.)

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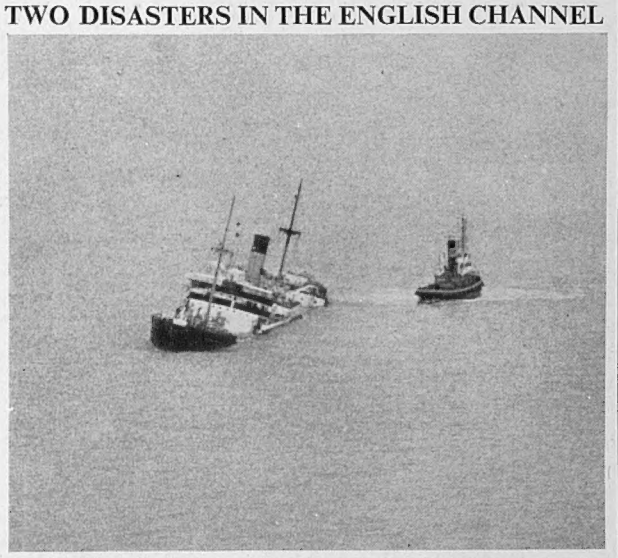
"THE DUKE" AT A LONDON PREMIÈRE

A BIG NIGHT IN LEICESTER SQUARE : The Duke of Edinburgh with Elizabeth Taylor, who plays in the film *Ivanhoe*, and her actor husband, Michael Wilding, at the London première of the film at the Empire Cinema, Leicester Square. Extra police had to be called out to deal with the crowds which flocked round the entrance to the cinema. The première was in part in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, of which body the Duke is President.

TWO DISASTERS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



THE BRITISH VESSEL "BARON DOUGLAS" BEACHED OFF FAIRLIGHT COVE, NEAR HASTINGS : Homeward-bound from the Caribbean with a cargo of sugar, the *Baron Douglas* was badly holed in a collision with the Yugoslav steamer *Korenica*. Most of the crew were taken off by the Eastbourne and Hastings lifeboats but the master remained.

THE TWO SURVIVORS OF THE CHANNEL PLANE CRASH REACH PORTSMOUTH : Mr. B. H. Bowring (left), of Woking, and Mr. D. I. Chisholm, of Chipping Camden, Gloucestershire, seen on the deck of the destroyer H.M.S. *Zest*, which brought them to Portsmouth. Five of the seven passengers and the pilot lost their lives when their charter plane, flying from Croydon to France, came down in the Channel last week-end, ten miles from shore.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d.; £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mr. Churchill's Warning.—If we are just holding the balance of payments position, Mr. Churchill's latest warning sounded the note of his own anxiety. Still bankruptcy is just around the corner, still world war is not to be ruled out. We are hanging on by the eyelids; we are holding those two fearful bogies just at arm's length. The slightest weakening and the crises may be on us. And the Premier spoke to a nation still bitterly divided, still unready either to realise the dangers or to combine to resist them. Some are playing the game of politics, many are chiefly concerned with increasing their own wages, many more are much more interested in our summer carnival of sport and coming peep-shows. And our social life and our manner of thought and our institutions of government are still rooted in the past, in the easy days of our power and wealth and security and leisure, when there was time for talking and time for the fallals and gewgaws. We blunder on to the crater edge, self-seeking, myopic, drunk with words and formulæ, waist-deep in paper; from the parish to the Cabinet we spawn committees and our output of agenda is heavier than our output of coal and weapons of defence. A warning or two is due, but it needs an atom (or nuclear) bomb to wake us up.

"Tu Quoque" and Face-saving.—The Allied officers in the Berlin Zone are men I admire and pity. They must possess very special and specialised qualities of mind. The best source for recruiting them may well be from among the masters of reformatories, approved schools and boys' schools of the fictional type. They must thoroughly understand and perhaps make allowance for the "nasty-schoolboy" mentality. They must be masters of the *tu quoque* and the "sucks-to-you" riposte. For they are dealing with Russians of the fourth-form standard in breadth of mind and civilisation. There on the boundary lines the cold war is waged by private-school rules. The *tu quoque* is the correct answer to every pinprick move. The school bully is often a coward as well as a boor. He boasts and bullies . . . but only as far as is prudent. He must stop short of goading Galahad minor to fisticuffs, at least, until he is quite sure Galahad has no secret weapon. Face-saving is the vital policy and, as the game is carried on with lighted matches in a powder-magazine, it is very exciting and needs constant thought and watchfulness. The *ne plus ultra* must always be gauged to a nicety. And both sides have been masters of the game for years. But while the reformatory boys play with fire, the sober citizens who live in "the Green Belt" outside, are always apprehensive that one day the *ne plus ultra* will be passed, the faces may fail to be saved, and the game may end in a really loud and dangerous explosion.

World Wars and Coronations.—In 1911 the nations were hotting up for World War I, and most people regarded it as a near certainty. In 1937 the nations were hotting up for World War II, and most people regarded it as a near certainty. In 1953, if World War III is not being waged, many people may consider it a near certainty. For even now, while the pundits alternately assure us that the terrible possibility is less imminent than it was, and urge us to make a more strenuous effort to repair our defences against it, the signs and portents from Berlin, Korea, Moscow and elsewhere suggest that the fearful possibility is in many anxious hearts all the world over. These years, 1911, 1937 and 1953, are Coronation years. Our Coronations are fated to fall in fateful years when the efforts of the whole nation should be concentrated on their jobs. Twice in our troubled history since Edward VII died, the world at large, and our enemies in particular, have marvelled at our madness and despaired of or profited by our addiction to pageantry and fancy dress, at our long-drawn-out carnival times in the Lent of calamity, when pirouetting premiers, actor-archbishops, dancing Chancellors, stage-struck statesmen and precedent-hunters-into-past-ritual burned up their working hours in preparing the Great Show. And now the next Coronation is fixed for June 2, 1953. The First World War came three years after; the Second two years after those earlier Coronations. Perhaps the Third World War may never come, perhaps it will come one year after Coronation Three. It is a possibility which should not be totally scouted. "We ought to be prepared." And now one of these magnificent Coronation Committees will decide when the Abbey is to be closed to the public for the erection of stands for the Hereditary Peerage and the Privileged; for all the pomps and pageantry.

A Right Judgment.—May they be moderate and wise in their decision! The Abbey is a fine place for public prayer and humble communing, and the longer it remains open in these grave times the better. The timber, too, which will refurnish it, should as long as possible be used for building houses for the homeless, and there is much not less essential work for competent statesmen and workmen. I have said before that I prefer to think of the young Queen's Coronation as a sacrament and not as a dollar-making peep-show, and as a sacrament quite certainly the bishops, the statesmen and great officers charged with planning it, regard it. But. . . . Ever since 1937, greatly since 1911, our social structure and manner of thought have changed, and innovation is perhaps to-day more important for the sacrament than historic precedent back to Melchizedek. There is much to be said to-day for shortening the ceremonies, for bringing them up to date and in tune with the new democratic way of our lives and the awful dangers of our times; much to be said for broadening the privilege on a Commonwealth scale. The Hereditary Chief Butlers played their splendid parts in different eras in different structures of society. Their day is gone. They are museum pieces, and the central figure on the board is by no means a museum piece. She is a type and exemplar of the young womanhood of our day. She lives in the present and should not be crowned in the dust of the ages. For the Abbey is our national shrine and not a museum, and religion, if it is to survive as a living force, must move with the times. May the Coronation pundits achieve a right judgment in all things, may the precedent-hunters be curbed, and the Abbey remain open as long as possible for public prayer for peace in our time. May the burden and strain on a young Queen be lightened by a shorter, simpler ceremony, with all the dignity and solemnity and beauty, but less of the narrow privilege of earlier ceremonies. For times have changed, and the Commonwealth and the common people are more important than ever before.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S PORTRAIT OF HER SISTER

AT THE NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS : The Duchess of Kent standing beside her portrait of her sister, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, during her visit to the exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. The portrait shows the remarkably strong resemblance between the two Royal sisters.

Jupiter.—An inconspicuous quarter-inch in *The Times* confirmed that Sir William Haley had been appointed its Editor. Sir William's name has been in the public eye as Editor-in-Chief of the B.B.C. Henceforth it will retire into privacy again. That is *The Times* way. Anonymity is the ticket. If you had "mass-observed" a cross-section of the educated public last month and asked the quiz: "Who edits *The Times*?" I am perfectly certain not 10 per cent. would have given the correct answer. Jupiter is always behind a cloud. The Editor enjoys enormous power, especially in times of crisis. He is for ever being consulted by the V.I.P.s. His words of wisdom carry weight. For this contemporary power he barters publicity, fame and, for the most part, honours. Not for him, while he reigns in Printing House Square (nor afterwards, often enough), the stars and ribbons and ermine. Unless he has gained them earlier, he dies plain "Mr." (and may be quite roughly handled by his own private historians). But he has great power and authority and compensating sweets. He knows the way of the world and is not deceived by trinkets. If his name is unknown to the general, so are the names of 90 per cent. of the Home Secretaries who have ruled in Whitehall since 1837. If he takes note of the new Viscounts and Barons and Baronets and Grand Cross Knights, he takes note also that the truly great receive only those inconspicuous honours which enable them to remain "plain Mr." You have the Earl of Mounthigher and Viscount Trumpetwell, and Sir Backdoor Knocker, Bart., and Sir Pushful

but Churchill remains Churchill and Masefield Masefield. There is virtue in an unadorned name, and titles, in raising a man above mediocrity, too often identify him with it.

Hospitality Run Mad. — A certain gentleman of India, who had spent most of his life in Kenya, came to this country with his wife and family in 1949. He was made welcome and soon enough was drawing £6 a week in public assistance. He liked the country and, being a gentleman, he refused all manual work offered him, including one job of caretaker at Islington Borough Council at £7 9s. a week. During his residence here he has received from the taxpayer £700 in relief, and has deigned to do exactly eight weeks of work. At last he came before the "Beak," who found that he was determined not to accept any job which did not suit his notions, and he was sentenced to three months in "jug." The man was deeply stirred by this sentence. Why should he soil his hands with sordid work when the nation he had honoured with his presence was willing to support him and his brood in idleness? He gave notice of appeal, and was immediately released on bail. I find it increasingly hard to pay my taxes, but not on that account alone do I judge that as a nation we are indeed stark, staring mad, the honest fools, the cracking joke, of Christendom. Small wonder if other nations kick us in the pants.

At Stratford.—It is not easy to imagine two women more different in character than Lady Macbeth and Rosalind. Margaret Leighton on the whole gave satisfaction to a majority of the critics in both characters, and in some notices gained high praise. A lively Rosalind, a gentle Lady Macbeth. I chose to see her in *As You Like It*, which is surely an awkward, "clumsy" play, only to be carried off by the actress who carries most of the weight on her shoulders, by playing it fast and non-stop. Jaques, of course, was an admirable lieutenant. I still don't understand the Caroline costumes—I suppose a sort of modified "Shakespeare-in-plus-fours." The Memorial Theatre is mellowing. There is nothing wrong inside. Outside, both banks of Avon have been transformed into a suburban pleasure-garden, teeming with pleasure-seekers. But it was clever of the Trustees to manage to preserve intact a little stretch of the river between the Memorial Garden and the church. As for the peep-shows in Henley Street and elsewhere, I comment elsewhere in this issue. Nothing new about them! They must do a brisk trade in Stratford between April and September. It seems a pity that most of the plays start two hours after the shops close. But a large proportion of the crowd seem to spend all day in the crowded town, and by five o'clock the sellers of souvenirs must be glad to put up their shutters.

Turpin's Ride.—I listened in to the account of Randolph Turpin's ride to win two or three more titles. I never miss these eye-witness accounts at the ringside, albeit a very tyro in the science and not much interested in the business. It is the sporting jargon, embellished in the excitement of the moment by the eye-witness, which never ceases to delight me, whether the event be a glove fight, a boat race or a horse race. And this year we have already enjoyed some priceless plums at Putney and Aintree. So, when the other night the hard-working reporter at the White City told us in stutters that the "Leamington boy had punched a stamina-sapping smash" to the other boy's heart, my cup was full and sympathy for the victim was drowned in selfish delight at this new creation of sporting journalism. We need more of these stamina-sapping smashes applied to far less worthy hearts. To Communism everywhere, and crimes of violence (which the Lord Chancellor has just told us are *not* on the increase), and quick divorce and dirty novels and coronation souvenirs and the litter habit and . . . I could carry on with a biggish catalogue of trends, fashions and habits which would none of them be missed, and by their passing might leave our world even sweeter and jollier than it is. But it takes a bonny fighter to smash or sap such stamina as these.

Here's Fame!—"Mass-observation" is an institution which tests public intelligence by organised quizzes applied to cross-sections of the public. Sometimes one hopes that the cross-sections have been cut in the lower educational strata; always one feels sympathy for the Minister of Education in her heavy labour and for certain immortals who in life firmly believed in their own immortality—G. B. Shaw, for instance. I am sure he was not in doubt that his name would ring a bell not five years, but five-score years after his death. But many chosen adults put the fool's-cap on his pretensions. One said he was a Salvation Army officer, one that he wrote "Annie Get Your Gun"; 25 per cent. of the "chosen" thought that Ernest Bevin was still alive; 36 per cent. had never heard of Priestley or supposed him dead; 10 per cent. supposed that General Montgomery was in his grave. Gordon Richards found many mourners, and only Tommy Handley and Roosevelt were more or less household words. From these collated answers I derive both comfort and distress. It is comfortable to feel, if you are ambitious of fame, that keeping yourself in the public eye will avail you nothing unless you use the air as your advertising medium. Distress, when I realise how large a proportion of those with whom we share public transport are still uncertain whether Queen Anne is dead and "have never heard" of Shakespeare.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CORONATION PROCLAIMED IN EDINBURGH

THE LORD LYON KING OF ARMS, SIR THOMAS INNES OF LEARNEY, ACCOMPANIED BY MEMBERS OF THE LYON COURT, READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN'S CORONATION FROM THE MERCAT CROSS IN HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH: Six days after the ceremonies in London, at which the Coronation was proclaimed from four points, the 1,500-word proclamation was read in the Scottish capital. As the clock in the Tron Church struck the hour of noon, the Lord Lyon and his Officers of Arms emerged from the top of the Mercat Cross. Those accompanying Sir Thomas were Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Balfour-Paul, Marchmont Herald; Lieut.-Colonel H. A. B. Lawson, Rothesay Herald; Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Dalyell of The Binns, Unicorn Pursuivant; Mr. J. M. Grant, W.S., Carrick Pursuivant; Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, the Falkland Extraordinary Pursuivant; the Lyon Court Macer, Mr. T. C. Gray; and the Sheriff-Clerk, Mr. A. M. Clark. Visually the ceremony was very impressive, but few of the people who gathered in the High Street could have heard the words of the Proclamation. No amplifiers were used—the Lord Lyon spoke into a microphone, but this was the property of the B.B.C., who were broadcasting the ceremony—and the spoken word was lost in a swirling Edinburgh wind.

THE CORONATION PROCLAIMED IN WALES

THE MAYOR OF BANGOR READS THE PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN'S CORONATION OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL: Councillor Hugh J. Jones, the Mayor, is seen reading the 1,500-word document. Following the Proclamation in London, the Coronation was proclaimed in towns and cities throughout Wales. The National Anthem was played before the Proclamation, and afterwards the Mayor called for three cheers for her Majesty the Queen.

THE PARADE OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW: This fine pack paraded both in the afternoon and evening. On the opening day the parade was by the Chiddingfold Farmers' Foxhounds, and on the final day by the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds. This year the attendance at Richmond beat all records, and it seems that even more new stands will have to be erected for future events. As ever, the show was marked by brilliant spectacle and great variety, the coaching marathon being a loudly-applauded feature. The hunter classes were also well favoured.

THE RECORD-BREAKING RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

Aspects of the 52nd Show which was Brought to a Conclusion with the Queen's Visit Last Saturday

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS IN THE SHOW-RING: The winning pair, entered by Messrs. Fremlins, of Maidstone, parading during the Challenge Cup Competition for Heavy Draught and Cart Horses. For the past four years this competition has been won by Messrs. Young and Co. This fine pair of greys from Maidstone, however, ended that long run of successes.

OVER THE STICKS WITH TANGERINE: Miss Wendy Miller, her pigtails flying and a smile on her face, clearing one of the obstacles in the Children's Jumping Challenge Cup Competition. She tied for first place with Terry Keen, who is also aged thirteen.

MR. JOHN COLEBROOK'S "NIMROD" ROAD COACH PASSING ROUND THE RING DURING THE COACHING MARATHON FOR FOUR-IN-HANDS: The coaches left Roehampton just after 11 a.m., and at 11.50 a.m. arrived on the show ground for the final judging. *Nimrod* drawn by four strong, docked bay horses, was perfectly appointed in every way.

PRINCESS MARGARET at BEDFORD

A Royal Visit to the School Marks the 400th Anniversary of the Granting of Letters Patent

Bedford School, though probably founded before the Conquest, is first mentioned in a document of the reign of Henry II. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1540 the school was handed over to the Mayor of Bedford, the Bailiffs, Burgesses and the Commonalty, and in 1552 received a Licence by Letters Patent from Edward VI for "the education and instruction of boys and youths in grammatical learning and good manners." It was the 400th anniversary of that granting of Letters Patent which the school celebrated last week on a Speech Day which was made additionally memorable by the presence of Princess Margaret, who distributed the prizes. In her speech the Princess said that the public school was surely one of the greatest and most enduring of our institutions. Learning and knowledge were of great worth, but education should go farther than that. It should put before the pupils what was described as "a habitual vocation of greatness; a vocation of all that was best and noblest, which would guide them to seek the highest ideals in whatever field they followed."

PRINCESS MARGARET UNVEILS THE COMMEMORATIVE PANEL IN THE GREAT HALL OF BEDFORD SCHOOL: The Princess standing before the panel, which records her visit and the 400th anniversary of the charter of Bedford School. After the unveiling the Princess lunched with the Headmaster of the school and members of the Board of Governors.

PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE HEAD BOY: Her Royal Highness shaking hands with A. H. Stearns. On the afternoon of her visit Princess Margaret watched cricket between the School and the Forty Club.

WATCHING A SWIMMING DEMONSTRATION BY SOME OF THE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE LOWER SCHOOL: Princess Margaret seen during her round of visits in the afternoon of her memorable visit to Bedford.

WALKING TO THE GREAT HALL WITH THE HEADMASTER: Behind Princess Margaret are the Head Boy and members of the Board of Governors of Bedford School. Her Royal Highness also visited the Preparatory school and planted a tree in the school garden.

WORK CONTINUES APACE ON THE NEW TRAFFIC TUNNELS AT LONDON AIRPORT: Across the picture is the tunnel under Runway No. 1. It will eventually carry traffic from the proposed terminal buildings, which are to be built in the centre of the runways, to the main roads leading to London and elsewhere. London Airport, one of the biggest and most modern in the world, was taken over from the R.A.F. for civil use in 1946, but it is still, and will continue to be for some years, the scene of great building activity. The main idea now is for the erection of buildings in a central area providing for two rows of aircraft stands, passenger-handling channels, administrative offices and a control tower. These will be isolated from the outside world in a diamond-shaped area of 54 acres. Because the area is separated from the London-Bath road by runways and taxi-ing-tracks, all traffic to and from the terminal buildings will have to travel underground. The tunnel project comprises four parallel and separate roadways, each enclosed in its own tube. The two outer tubes are for pedestrian and cycle traffic, whilst the two main inner tubes are for motor vehicles. Each of the four will be one-way only.

TUNNELLING ACROSS LONDON AIRPORT

The Progress of an Elaborate Scheme of Traffic Access to the Great Air Terminal

On right—

CONCRETE-POURING OPERATIONS ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW MULTIPLE TUNNEL SYSTEM : Out of a total length of 2,040 ft. the base slab and walls are constructed to a distance of 1,750 ft., and the roof slab to 1,350 ft

LE MANS

The Germans Win Their First Big Post-war Success in International Motor Racing

After he had driven continuously for twenty-three hours, P. Levegh, in a French Talbot, had a lead of two laps in the Le Mans Grand Prix. A crowd estimated at 250,000 was getting ready to acclaim a great French victory, achieved in a race which from the outset was conducted at a cracking pace, with car after car retiring as the hours went on because the pace was too hot. Suddenly it was realised that Levegh was overdue, and it soon became known that his car had come to rest with a run big end. This left the field open to the Germans, who earlier in the race, before one of their number had dropped out, were travelling in line-ahead formation. Lang and Riess, followed by Helfrich and Niedermayer, kept going steadily until the end, and when the final hour was up they passed the post worthy winners of a great test of endurance. For them, however, there was no National Anthem and only lukewarm acclaim. In 1951 the acclamation of a British win filled the air for ten minutes after the triumph of the Jaguar. This year the applause died down almost as soon as it had begun. No one dared to give the order for the German National Anthem.

As regards the minor placings, a British Healey made a brave showing in third place, Leslie Johnson and T. H. Wisdom covering 2,188 miles. This was, however, over 100 miles behind the performance of the Mercedes team. The British Jaguars were unlucky, one correspondent said because their new body style robbed them of cooling air.

THE DRIVERS RUN FOR THEIR CARS AT THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE GRAND PRIX D'ENDURANCE AT LE MANS, WESTERN FRANCE: It seemed that P. Levegh, driving a Talbot, would prove an easy winner, but the breakdown of his car when leading by two laps let the Germans through, the winners being H. Lang and Fritz Riess in a 2·9-litre Mercedes-Benz. Another Mercedes-Benz took second place.

THE CARS GO INTO THE FIRST BEND UNDER THE DUNLOP BRIDGE: A great crowd watching the start of the twenty-four-hour race. With characteristic Italian dash, A. Ascari led the field in his Ferrari, and he soon beat the lap record set up by Moss in a Jaguar last year, returning 107·6 m.p.h. After two hours Ascari retired with clutch trouble.

ON SUNDAY MORNING AT LE MANS WHEN THE CROWDS HAD TEMPORARILY THINNED AND THIRTY-FIVE OF THE COMPETITORS HAD DROPPED OUT: This aerial view of the course shows the approach to the Dunlop Bridge, shaped like the section of a tyre, and in the background cars massed in the car-park. Of eighteen British cars which took part only four were still going at the finish—a woeful record.

THE TWO GERMAN CARS WHICH TRIUMPHED AT LE MANS BUT WON ONLY LUKEWARM APPLAUSE FROM A PARTISAN CROWD: These new 2·9-litre Mercedes-Benz cars were at the drawing-board stage only a year ago. The leading car covered 2,313½ miles at an average speed of 96·4 m.p.h. This beat last year's record of 93·5 m.p.h. by a British 3½-litre Jaguar.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION ON AN AUSTRIAN LAKE—THE PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT THE VILLAGE OF HALLSTATT : In these lovely surroundings the magnificenc of the Roman Catholics' most splendid festival, the Fronleichnamsfest, as it is called in German, was transferred from the streets of the town to the wate and priests in garlanded boats said Mass before the assembled villagers. The festival of Corpus Christi was instituted by Pope Urban IV. in 126

CELEBRATING CORPUS CHRISTI

In Austria and Germany the Ancient Festival was Observed with Traditional Ceremonies

THE CORPUS CHRISTI CEREMONY IN BERLIN : The procession is seen approaching the Garrison Cemetery, in the American Sector of the city, during the first Corpus Christi ceremony to be held in Berlin since the end of the war. Formerly the procession started from St. Hedwig's Cathedral, which is now in the Russian Sector, and the procession last week began at St. John's Basilica.

BAVARIANS FOLLOW THE ALTAR SHIP IN BOATS DURING THE CORPUS CHRIST PROCESSION ON STAFFELSEE LAKE, NEAR SEEHAUSEN : More than 5,000 wor shippers, in hundreds of boats of many kinds, took part in the ceremony.

THE AGED AND THE YOUNG TAKE PART IN THE STAFFELSEE LAKE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION : This was the scene when the water-borne procession reached an island in the lake. A priest beneath the canopy carries the Consecrated Host ; beside him walk the children, with ornamental candles, and in the rear of the column are Bavarian girls, wearing their national costume.

A STATELY VISITOR TO LONDON RIVER: The Norwegian training ship *Sorlandet* sailed into the Thames Estuary last week with fifty Merchant Navy cadets. She was visiting London for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Norwegian Seamen's Church, Bermondsey. The *Sorlandet* was in London when the church was opened. Her skipper then was Captain Selmer Lindeberg. He is still in command. Norway has two similar training ships, these being based on Oslo and Bergen. The *Sorlandet* is based on Khristiansand. Together these ships play a big part in recruiting for the Norwegian Merchant Navy.

On left—

NEARING THE END OF HER JOURNEY: The *Sorlandet* in the Thames Estuary. The Norwegian training ship was three days overdue when she arrived off Southend, having been delayed by adverse winds.

THE CRUISE OF THE "SORLANDET"

A FAMOUS NORWEGIAN TRAINING SHIP SAILS INTO THE RIVER THAMES

A SURVEY of the FOREIGN NEWS

KING TALAL OF JORDAN ON HIS EUROPEAN TRAVELS: The King, wearing dark glasses, seen on arrival at Geneva, where he went in search of his wife, Queen Zein, and the seventeen-year-old Crown Prince Hussein, the search taking him eventually among all the leading hotels in Lausanne. King Talal's Cabinet in Annam has announced that the King is unfit to carry out his constitutional duties, and they have appointed a Regency Council of three to exercise the King's powers "in his absence or presence." The King has been advised to undergo treatment, and the Cabinet trusts that he will do this willingly, otherwise other steps will have to be taken. A Jordanian Government official has stated: "We cannot allow King Talal to live at the Palace with his family. The Queen is scared of him now—that is why she left the hotel at Lausanne."

CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, THE HARROW SCHOOLBOY WHO IS KING TALAL'S SON: Recently Hussein went to Lausanne to meet his mother, Queen Zein, and his father, King Talal. The Crown Prince comes of age next year, and he will then in all probability take over the Jordanian Crown. The position of King Talal has split opinion in Jordan, and while the Government has said that he is unfit to rule, members of the Opposition have let it be known they feel the abdication has been forced on the King without proper reason.

THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE MEETS WOUNDED ETHIOPIAN TROOPS AT ADDIS ABABA: The Emperor with some of the men who recently returned from Korea (where they had been fighting in the United Nations forces) in the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia*. Next month Haile Selassie celebrates his sixtieth birthday. It is now over ten years since he returned to his country following the Italian defeat, and this year marks the tenth anniversary of his far-reaching reforms, under which he abolished slavery and serfdom completely.

PERSONALITIES - - - -

A D-DAY ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY ON UTAH BEACH, NORMANDY: General Matthew B. Ridgway, General Eisenhower's successor as the Supreme Commander in Europe, saluting as he stepped away from the memorial to the 1st Engineer Special Brigade, the first Americans ashore in Normandy on D-Day, June 6, 1944. Beside the General walks Mrs. Ridgway, and on his left hand is Mr. James Thomas, Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty. On the extreme right of the group is Raymond Treboulat, who is a Deputy for the Department of the Calvados.

DR. MOUSSADEK AND HIS FELLOW-DELEGATES BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE AT THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE: The Persian Premier (second from right), who opened his country's case in the Anglo-Persian oil dispute, accused the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company of plots against the Persian Government, of sabotaging Persian interests, of behaving like a State within a State. The company treated its workers like domestic animals, he alleged in a speech which ignored all the points at issue before the International Court.

A theatrical atmosphere marked the start of the hearing at The Hague of the Persian case in the Anglo-Persian oil dispute. It could hardly have been otherwise, because the central figure was the extraordinary Dr. Moussadek, who so effectively twisted the lion's tail in 1951, notwithstanding the fact that in so doing he brought his own country to the verge of ruin. Looking frail and ill, the Persian Prime Minister arrived at the Peace Palace in a large American car, and he had to be helped up the steps into the building.

Within the courtroom, amid the whirring and clicking of cameras, the judges from Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Egypt, El Salvador, France, Norway, Poland, the United Kingdom, the United States, Uruguay, and Yugoslavia walked to their places, and the proceedings opened with the Persian Minister at The Hague introducing Dr. Moussadek.

Although the question before the court solely concerned the court's competence in the dispute, this did not prevent Dr. Moussadek from launching into a violent attack on British policy in Persia, and upon the conduct of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. He declared that after rivers and rivers of oil had been extracted from Persia, Western petrol trusts were now enforcing a boycott of Persian oil products which "is inflicting most damaging losses on Persia."

On the afternoon of the opening session Dr. Moussadek was not in court when Professor Henri Rolin, one of the Belgian advocates appearing for the Persian delegation, began his exposition of the Persian legal arguments against The Hague Court's jurisdiction. By that time much of the early theatrical atmosphere had certainly begun to diminish.

The Persian Government is seeking, as an alternative to a decision of no competence, suspension of the proceedings at The Hague on the grounds that the Anglo-Persian oil dispute was placed before the Security Council of the United Nations last year and is under examination by that body. It is also asking the court to declare inadmissible the British claims for restitution or compensation by arbitration.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL HEARING AT THE HAGUE: Sir Eric Beckett, Q.C., Sir Lionel Heald, Professor Wildock, Q.C., and Mr. H. Fisher. An interested crowd packed the court for the start of the hearing, attracted by the legendary figure of the Persian Premier.

IN PICTURES: General Ridgway at Utah Beach; Reburying Aragon's Kings; Moussadek at The Hague

THE REMAINS OF THE KINGS OF ARAGON, THEIR WIVES AND THEIR CHILDREN ARE LAID IN A FINAL RESTING-PLACE: The wooden and bronze boxes being borne on gun-carriages from the Cathedral of Tarragona to the Monastery of Poblet. Over 20,000 people watched the funeral procession, and the final ceremonies were attended by Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez, Spain's Minister of Education. Among the kings reburied was James the Conqueror.

From the time of the Sicilian Vespers in 1283 the affairs of Aragon were bound up with those of Italy, and to follow the careers of Aragon's medieval kings is to bestride Europe from the Iberian peninsula to Athens and Constantinople. Both James the Conqueror and Peter, together with Fernando of Antequera, the blind, unconquerable John II, and three other Kings of Aragon, together with their wives and children, were reburied recently at Tarragona, their remains being taken with due ceremony from the Cathedral and re-interred at the Monastery of Poblet. Aragon in medieval times, with its many Muhammadans living under Christian rule, was a home of unmodified predial slavery, whereas slavery disappeared in Castile and Leon in the thirteenth century, and so it remained right down to the Bourbon dynasty. This latest ceremonial in Tarragona could only be interpreted as a glorification of the feudal, and the Spanish Government lost no opportunity of making it a big occasion.

SYNGMAN RHEE READS THE PETITIONS OF SOUTH KOREANS ON THE ISSUE OF ELECTING A PRESIDENT BY POPULAR VOTE: In recent days Rhee has not only found himself up against his own Parliament and people, but his actions have caused grave concern abroad, as he has sought in his own characteristic way the achievement of absolute power. The South Korean political situation came to a crisis when the Assembly refused to agree to a suggestion by President Rhee, whose chances of re-election were considered slight, that the President should be elected by a two-thirds popular vote instead of a two-thirds majority in the Assembly as laid down by the Constitution. Just under one-third of the Assembly's 183 members support the President. Some of them have been arrested by Rhee and imprisoned on vague charges of associating with Communists, and there have been equally vague charges that South Korean officials are plotting with Communists to assassinate the President.

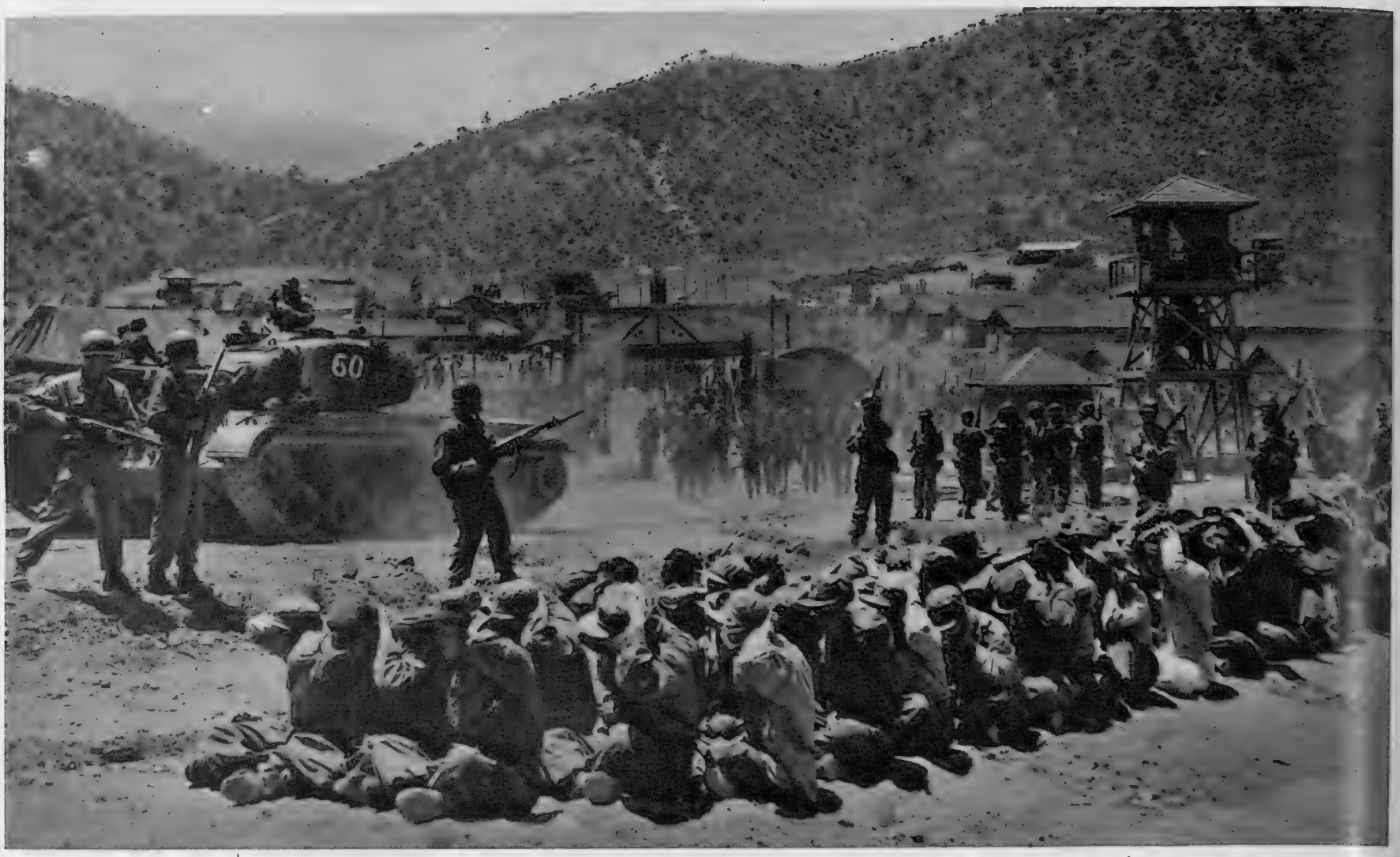
THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA SET SAIL FROM ITALY: Princess Margherita and Princess Christina going aboard the liner S.S. *Saturnia* at Naples when en route to Spain. Princess Margherita's name has been closely linked with that of King Baudouin of the Belgians, and there were strong rumours that the King's recent visit to Italy would culminate in a betrothal. The King and the Princess actually stayed at the same hotel in Rome, but the expected meeting did not come to pass. Princess Margherita's father was the last Italian Viceroy of Abyssinia.

RAIDING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY IN PARIS: Steel-helmeted French police outside the shuttered building of the Comité Central as their colleagues carried out a search of the premises.

LEADERS OF COMMUNISM: Jacques Duclos (left), who has been arrested and charged with threatening the security of France. André Marty (right) succeeded Duclos in the leadership of the country's 5,000,000 Communists.

The arrest of Jacques Duclos, who, handcuffed and under heavy guard, was taken to Fresnes Prison, ten miles from the French capital, was the signal for Communist strike orders throughout France. But, in spite of feverish campaigning, the workers did not rally to Duclos, less than 2 per cent. downing tools in most industrial areas. In the northern coalfields only 642 miners out of 41,400 stopped work, and the response among metal workers in the north was almost equally feeble. All transport and public services operated normally, and it seemed that the French Communist hierarchy would have to think again. Meanwhile, the French Government maintained elaborate security measures, mobilising 20,000 police, 10,000 mobile guards and 10,000 troops, including three battalions of veteran paratroopers recently arrived from Indo-China. Tanks and armoured cars were held in reserve last week on the outskirts of Paris. Duclos himself faced major charges—charges which, in the event of conviction, could bring him a sentence of solitary confinement for life. His successor, André Marty, is known as a dour fanatic, with a taste for revolution. His grandfather—a big revolutionary figure in his day—was executed in the 1870 Commune.

ALEXANDER PANYUSHKIN'S FAREWELL TO WASHINGTON: The Soviet Ambassador to the United States, who has held this post for five years, walking from the State Department after his official leave-taking. He stated that he had been recalled to Moscow to be given a new diplomatic assignment. He will be succeeded in Washington by Georgi N. Zarubin, former Russian Envoy to London and Ottawa. Mr. Panyushkin declined to comment on the state of Soviet-United States relations. He said that the greater part of his half-hour talk with Mr. Acheson had been concerned with questions of protocol.



DISCIPLINE AT LAST ON KOJE—A GROUP OF BELLIGERENT PRISONERS SIT WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEADS WHILE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WITH GAS-MASKS AND FIXED BAYONETS STAND GUARD : This picture was taken after the troops had entered one of the most disorderly of the P.O.W. compounds, torn down flags and signs and brought out the disobedient leaders. During the past few months the rebellion on Koje almost changed the status of the Communists there from that of prisoners of war to members of a beleaguered garrison.

KOJE PRISONERS BURY ONE OF THEIR DEAD : Communist prisoners of war put on an impressive show for the burial of a comrade, accidentally killed by a guard. Two harmonica players and a flautist provide music, a fourth prisoner holds a portrait of the dead man, and the others salute as the coffin, draped in a Korean flag, is prepared for burial. The wreaths were fashioned from toilet paper.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS DISMANTLE A HUT IN ONE OF THE KOJE COMPOUNDS : The hut was the headquarters of the highly organised Communist rebels, who even had their own telephone system. In the background other United Nations soldiers complete the task of destroying buildings inside the compound.

SUB-DIVIDING KOJE'S BELLIGERENTS

The United Nations Guards Go to Work Within the Stockades, Creating Smaller and (They Hope) More Manageable Compounds

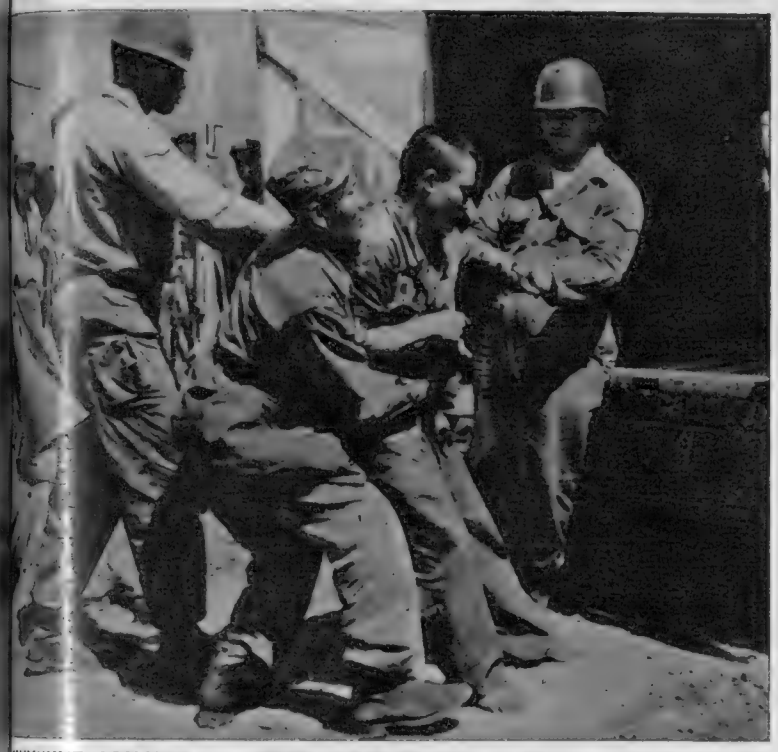
With Brig.-General Boatner's stern action in splitting up the prisoner-of-war compounds, the extraordinary story of the rebellion on Koje Island seems to be nearing its end. There are many who would welcome a full international inquiry into how conditions arose which enabled the prisoners, under the command of fanatical officers, to manufacture and conceal arms, lay up considerable quantities of stores, murder anti-Communists among themselves and harbour women in the compounds, while United Nations guards were forced to withdraw outside the barbed-wire barricades.

When the notorious Compound 76 was raided by troops last week it was discovered that there existed a complete system for defensive trenches, a telephone switchboard, radio receivers and transmitters, maps and half-finished tunnels to connect with adjacent compounds. Plans to break out of the camp and escape to the hills were also discovered. Correspondents reported that when the troops went in Communist prisoners took a final opportunity of murdering those of the prisoners who wished to surrender. Scenes of the utmost savagery were witnessed, with the Communists spearing their deserters to death with home-made spears, fashioned in their own armoury.

More than 6,000 prisoners were confined in this compound, and when they refused General Boatner's orders to form into groups of 150 and move quietly out he ordered his men to go in and fetch them. 750 men of the American 187th Airborne Regiment charged through gaps in the barbed wire, using concussion grenades, tear-gas bombs and bayonets on the Communists, who defended themselves with spears, staves, knives and "Molotov cocktails." The fighting raged for two hours before the fanatical core of 300 prisoners finally surrendered. By then, it is reported, thirty-one prisoners had been killed and many wounded. One American soldier was speared to death and fourteen others wounded. Heroic American stretcher-bearers, braving spears and bows and arrows, brought out friend and foe alike during the battle. Correspondents who watched the action have been enthusiastic in praise of the Americans' courage and restraint.

In this raid Colonel Lee Hak-koo, the senior officer and leader of the Communist rebels, was captured. The Colonel and three women who were with him were quick to surrender. They were made to lie prone in a ditch until the fighting was over. Nevertheless, General Boatner paid tribute to the courage of the prisoners who fought his men. "I had never thought they would do that," he said in an interview. "That takes a lot of guts."

NORTH KOREAN COLONEL LEE HAK-KOO, ONE OF THE CHIEF TROUBLE-MAKERS ON KOJE: The Colonel is seen behind the gate of Compound 76 before the troops entered and cleared it last week. Although some hundreds of the prisoners fought the troops with great courage during the raid the Colonel, their senior officer, was quick to surrender. With him were three women.



COMMUNIST PRISONER IS FORCIBLY REMOVED TO HOSPITAL: Although ill, he refused attention. In this picture one of the more co-operative prisoners, helped by U.N. guards, is seen lifting him towards the waiting transport.

OF THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY REMOVING BARRELS FROM COMPOUND 66: Under the guard of American troops with bayonets fixed, the British soldiers removed all material from which the prisoners could manufacture arms.

A MECHANICAL GRAB IS USED TO SEARCH FOR TUNNELS DUG BY THE REBELLIOUS PRISONERS: Water seeping into the trench convinced the United Nations guards that no tunnels could have existed below this level and the search was abandoned. Some weeks ago, however, tunnels linking several of the compounds were discovered and destroyed.

A DRAWBRIDGE-TYPE LADDER ON A KOJE GUARD TOWER: The ladder can be pulled up when the guards have entered the tower over its surrounding jungle of barbed wire, one of the many additional barricades thrown around the compounds.

SCOTTISH ABADAN

The £22,000,000 Grangemouth Expansion Programme Now Nears Completion

Nothing has been more remarkable than the way in which Britain has developed her refining capacity since the war, for all round our coasts, and on the great river estuaries, new plant has risen, or is rising, to deal with the flow of crude oil from the Middle East and other sources. Fawley, the Isle of Grain, Coryton, Llandarcy are names that leap to mind.

Of special interest is the £22,000,000 Grangemouth expansion project—the Scottish Abadan, as it is being called—now being carried to fruition by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and their subsidiary Scottish Oils. The second stage of this scheme will be completed in September with the inauguration of the catalytic cracking plant to produce high-grade motor spirit.

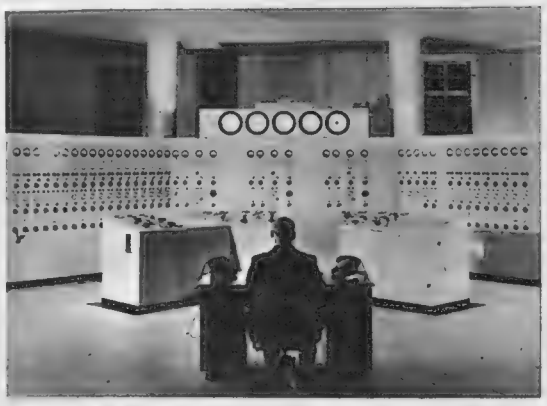
The programme of expansion at Grangemouth began at the end of 1948, and by last year it had progressed so well that it was possible to refine 2,500,000 tons of Middle East crude oil. Including the original small refinery, the entire plant now produces about 1,900,000 gallons per day. The fact that much of the crude oil for this Forth refinery is brought to Grangemouth by way of the Clyde Estuary, Loch Long, and a 12-in. pipe-line cutting 57 miles across country from Finnart, would seem at first to be both uneconomic and roundabout, but there is no doubt that a great saving is effected in cutting out the tanker journey up the English Channel to the Forth, and that Finnart provides an excellent deep-water anchorage for the large-size tankers which are now the order of the day. At Grangemouth there is no such deep water available.

In the next year, work will proceed at Grangemouth on the catalytic polymerisation plant which is due for completion in 1953. It will manufacture motor spirit and a base material for detergents from gases produced by the cracking plant. A plant is also scheduled in this stage for recovery of sulphur.

Probably the most impressive sight at the Grangemouth refinery are the huge water-cooling towers which rise 200 ft. and have a diameter of 196 ft. at the base. They cool the hot water returning from the refinery processes and send it out again for re-use. And just to round off the picture of an ingenious economy which wastes nothing that can be of use, waste oil is burned in the furnaces to provide the steam which creates the main distribution of power from the power-house at 11,000 volts. Then the steam is used in the refinery.

There are in view further extension schemes for the site, which must, however, await the easing of material shortages and capital expenditure restrictions. But the Grangemouth plant will eventually employ about 800 people permanently, the majority of whom will be locally recruited. Later this year Grangemouth Refinery is to be the scene of an official opening ceremony.

A TANKER MAKES FAST AT THE FINNART JETTY ON LOCH LONG, WESTERN SCOTLAND, AND THERE UNLOADS HER CARGO OF OIL, WHICH IS THEN PIPED FIFTY-SEVEN MILES ACROSS SCOTLAND, UNDER RIVERS, RAILWAYS, CANALS AND ROADS, UNTIL IT REACHES THE ANGLO-IRANIAN REFINERY AT GRANGEMOUTH, ON THE FORTH: The advantage of using Loch Long is that there is water there deep enough for the largest tankers. Smaller tankers discharge at Grangemouth, but the larger tankers, by going to Loch Long, save time, avoiding a costly journey up the English Channel and along the east coast.



THE CONTROL ROOM AT THE POWER STATION OF THE GRANGEMOUTH OIL REFINERY: At first glance it looks like a giant cinema organ. In this control room those in charge can see at a glance how much oil there is in any particular tank at the Grangemouth refinery.

BOILER FEED PUMPS AND STEAM RECEIVERS AT THE GRANGEMOUTH OIL REFINERY: The entire plant at Grangemouth now produces about 1,900,000 gallons per day, or 54,400 barrels. Now that Abadan is no longer available, most of the oil processed at Grangemouth comes from Kuwait.

THE EXPANDED GRANGEMOUTH PLANT ON THE RIVER FORTH: *Left*—Pipe tracks stretching into the distance like railway lines. *Right*—The main fractionating tower of the distillation unit. On this 420-acre site, of which about 300 acres are already developed, everything is upon a mammoth scale. In addition to the refinery's monthly output of 150,000 tons of fuel oil, 38,000 tons of petrol, over 8,000 tons of paraffin, 14,000 tons of naphtha, and substantial quantities of butane, which provides the fuel for rural gas-cookers, are also produced. Ethyl and isopropyl alcohol, which are used in the chemical industry, are other products.

HOLYROODHOUSE FROM THE AIR: At this Edinburgh Palace her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will be taking up residence on June 25. The people of Scotland welcome this early visit in the new reign, and hope that it will be the forerunner of many more such visits. When the star of the Stuarts set for ever at Culloden, Holyroodhouse fell into disuse except very occasionally as a Royal residence. It provided a home, however, for the exiled Charles X of France, and in 1822 George IV, the first monarch of the House of Hanover ever to set foot on Scottish soil, held a levee in the Palace. In the reign of George V and subsequently royal visits have been regular.

HOLYROODHOUSE AWAITS THE QUEEN

For the First Time as Reigning Monarch Her Majesty Will Visit Her Edinburgh Palace, Which for a Few Days Will Cease to be an Ancient Monument as it Assumes the Role of a Royal Residence

By GEORGE BLAKE

(Author of "The Piper's Tune" and "The Firth of Clyde")

OF all the Royal residences in Britain the Palace of Holyroodhouse, about to receive Queen Elizabeth for the first time as reigning monarch, is surely the most curiously placed in relationship to the capital city it adorns.

Even for people who have seen it only in pictures, Edinburgh is utterly dominated by the Castle, grim and strong and picturesque on the prow of the Rock. When the Castle is floodlit, and seems to be suspended in mid-air above the city, it is something out of the *Arabian Nights* or *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. It is a curious thing that the visitor searching for the Palace of the Kings and Queens of Scotland must go to the East End, as it were, and find it standing on low ground and rather uncomfortably neighboured by breweries, a main railway line and humble dwellings not very far above the slum level.

The holy Augustinians, who, in 1128, first occupied the Abbey, about which the Palace was subsequently built, enjoyed a delightful setting. The loom of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags above their home had, and still has, its romantic charm. There were woods about in those days, and the pretty little lakes of the region are still there. (One of them, not so far away, is now the delightful bird sanctuary of Duddingston Loch.) It is still puzzling that the explorer from the centre of modern Edinburgh—which is and always will be the fabulous Princes Street—is much in the position of the visitor to London who might be asked to pass through Camden Town to discover Buckingham Palace somewhere in the region of Swiss Cottage.

The paradox is easily explained and the factors of it worth understanding.

The first of these is the simple factor of topography. Edinburgh Castle, the headquarters of military government within Scotland, was always the real centre of effective power. Its place in the Edinburgh scene is so dominant, so startling, that even a Versailles where Holyroodhouse now stands could hardly compete with its natural nobility. The famous Royal Mile, leading downhill from Castle to Palace, is a descent in more senses than one.

The rest lies largely in the vagaries of Scottish history since the Union of the Crowns in 1603. Dates and names are always a bore, but the nature and the character of Holyroodhouse are not to be understood without them.

As the historian would see it, the history of the original Palace of Holyroodhouse symbolises the history of the Stuart dynasty, from James IV of Scotland who, latterly killed at Flodden, started to build beside the Abbey in the last years of the fifteenth century, by way of Charles II, who finished the job after the Restoration, to the last of them all in the direct line, Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who occupied it for a brief, glorious spell in 1745 before the fatal march into England and the ultimate disaster at Culloden. It is a real irony of history that the next Royal person to live in it was his conquering enemy, the Duke of Cumberland.

It seems curious now that the completion of Holyroodhouse should have been left to the Merry Monarch, whom one rather associates with English oak trees and larks about Drury Lane. These Stuarts, however, were wonderfully faithful to their original kingdom in the North, and the second Charles did not spare money on his Scottish seat. To-day the fabric is, as we say, as Scottish as peat, with the pepper-pot towers the native architects borrowed from France to the serene chastity of the elevations above the inner courtyard designed by the second Charles's architect, Sir William Bruce. Intelligent clearances have pushed back the straggling fringes of the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the Palace, always trig and trim under the loving care of the Ministry of Works, has regained most of the dignity it shed during a difficult period.

This was the period during which Edinburgh lost the place as a capital, so to speak. After the death of Charles II, the Palace of Holyroodhouse did not greatly interest the Monarchy. Even when George IV—with Sir Walter Scott as unofficial master of ceremonies—paid a State visit to Edinburgh and held a levee in the Palace, he did not go into residence there. Even Queen Victoria, always so conscious of the strain of Stuart blood in her veins, did not use it as much more than a resting-place on her journeys to and from the private residence at Balmoral. King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra used it for ceremonial purposes in 1903, after their Coronation, but again a Royal couple did not sleep under those ancient roofs.

A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE MODERN HISTORY OF HOLYROODHOUSE: Crowds gathered outside the Palace when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth took up residence there in 1946. The crowd called repeatedly for the King and Queen, who came to the windows and bowed their acknowledgements. Later there was community singing.

All that has changed, much for the better from the Scottish point of view, but it was during that long period of official indifference that urban Edinburgh, developing industrially in the Victorian way, was allowed to approach rather too closely to the precincts of the Palace. The restoration of Holyroodhouse to its proper place as a Royal residence and a symbol of Scottish pride was actually very much the doing of King George V and Queen Mary.

The interest of the "old King," as we all like to call him, in the palace of the Stuarts was sincere; he used it for State visits at regular intervals between 1911 and 1934. He authorised works of redecoration and reconstruction on the large scale—for instance, the panelling in oak of such of the State rooms as Sir William Bruce had been prevented by the turbulent political events of the seventeenth century from completing. With her distinguished interest in such matters, Queen Mary took an active part in the renovation of the old place.

But to pass through the great chambers of Holyroodhouse, even as one of the tail following in the wake of a well-briefed official guide, is to be for a while in the dark abysm of time, to live for a space in the most turbulent eras of Scotland's troubled history. You

(Continued on following page)

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THE WEST DRAWING-ROOM, ONE OF THE SPACIOUS APARTMENTS OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE : Here the simple severity of the panelling contrasts with the elaborate nature of the plaster ceiling. Fine tapestrywork adorns the furniture. King Charles II built the existing Palace, beginning operations in the year 1671, and to do this old buildings had to be cleared away in order to make room for the new.

HOLYROODHOUSE AWAITS THE QUEEN

(*Continued from previous page*)

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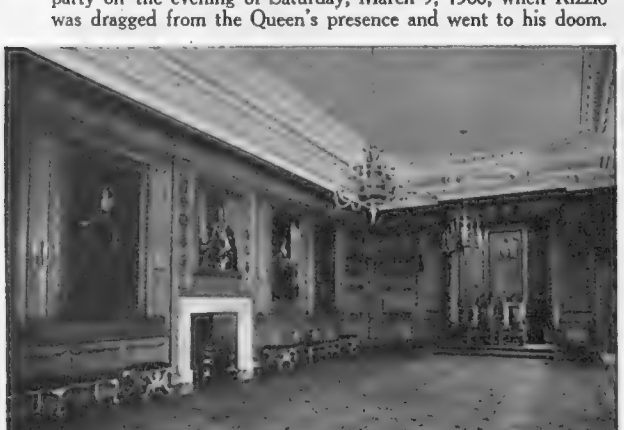
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS', SUPPING-ROOM : This room in the north-west tower is associated with that historic supper-party on the evening of Saturday, March 9, 1566, when Rizzio was dragged from the Queen's presence and went to his doom.



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THE THRONE ROOM : Above the mantelpiece is a portrait of the late George V, who paid no fewer than seven State visits to Holyroodhouse in the course of his reign. Together with Queen Mary he took a great interest in all matters affecting the Palace.

are bound to remember that here the tall and tragic Mary, Queen of Scots, ruled, loved unwisely and suffered during a few unhappy years of the sixteenth century. You cannot forget that her descendant, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," here sought in his brief moment of glory in the eighteenth century to hold court as the genuine Stuart Pretender under the Hanoverian guns of Edinburgh Castle, barely a mile up the road.

Edinburgh Castle represents a firm line of continuity in Scottish history. The Palace of Holyroodhouse represents the wrinkled chain of history that sent James VI of Scotland to London to be King James I of England as well. He was perhaps not a great man, but at least he inspired our standard translation of the Holy Bible. He always remained one of the more amusingly eccentric Stuarts, with his bandy legs, the bag of golf-clubs he is said to have carried to London with him, and his pamphleteering against the use of tobacco. One wonders what he would have thought about the cigarette stubs so lavishly strewn by twentieth-century tourists about the approaches to his familiar Palace.

One also wonders sometimes what the foreign visitor, even the friendly English traveller, makes of Holyroodhouse, so remote to them must seem the lurid convolutions of Scottish history it so wonderfully symbolises.

Ostensibly, the historical apartments must strike the stranger as being a trifle austere in the proper Scottish idiom, somehow less cosy and domestic than those of, say, Hampton Court; and one may even reflect on the blessings of modern internal heating. There are tapestries worth looking at for a long time, carpets every housekeeping layman must covet, and lovely pieces of furniture. Many of the ceilings are remarkable in their intricate plasterwork and painted insets. In short, paying our dutiful sixpences at the door, we see a residence of State built up as such over a very long period of history, successive monarchs from Charles II to George V each making his own personal contribution to what is, in effect, a monument to the survival of a dynasty.

But that is no more than the ostensible, the casual, impression created by Holyroodhouse. Any bus party can pass through the historical apartments and emerge just about as wise as it would be if it had spent the afternoon at Musselburgh Races. One must take imagination and the sense of drama—and perhaps a little historical knowledge—to the old palace of the Stuarts.

The apartment to which the paying guest is first introduced is really a little ludicrous. This Picture Gallery, as they call it, is a well-proportioned chamber in its own right, but it is decorated with framed portraits of no fewer than 111 Scottish Kings—some of whom, as Sir Walter Scott drily observed, must have existed before the invention of oil painting. This was one of the Merry Monarch's little fancies. He paid a Dutch painter, Jacob de Wet, £120 a year to sweat imaginatively over this labour of filial love.

It is all quite funny on the Third Programme level. The collection remains a period piece of enchanting value. And if you know just a little about your history you will not forget that, within this chamber, the elegant, kilted figure of Bonnie Prince Charlie held his assemblies and levees when he thought he was on the way to a throne and all the loveliest girls of Edinburgh crowded to curtsy before such an engaging Highness.

So one moves on to the little panelled rooms in which Mary, Queen of Scots, conducted her amours and enacted her tragedies. They have been beautifully preserved in more or less their original state, and it is fascinating to realise that Royal apartments of the sixteenth century would be regarded as tolerably mean affairs in Golder's Green to-day. Here, however, is the real *feel* of Scottish history—the sad Queen's quite small bedroom and what may have been her bed; the Audience Chamber in which she was lectured on her religious errors by that formidable Calvinist John Knox; the cunning stairways and passages by which her admirers found their discreet ways to her presence; the place in which her musician, Rizzio, was dragged from her supper-table and knifed to death by jealous courtiers.

The professional archæologists warn us not to take either the present appearance of these rooms or their associations too literally. It is quite probably true that Charles II's extensive alterations of the Palace changed their furnishing, but the shape and arrangement of these little chambers remain most strangely evocative of the atmosphere of a period. It is certainly true that the so-called "indelible" stain of Rizzio's blood is not to be seen, but a brass plate on the floor of one of them most movingly suggests the very spot to which the minstrel's body was dragged by the assassins and dropped. The native Scot, at least, cannot pass through these places without emotion, and we can only beg the stranger, in Yeats's phrase, to tread softly, for you tread on our dreams.

It would be idle to try to disguise the fact that too many of the ancient monuments of Scotland are monuments to the long and bitter Anglo-Scottish conflict—not so much a conflict of their peoples as of their ambitious monarchs. The ruined abbeys on the Scottish side of the Border—Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso and the rest—were sacked and burned as acts

HOLYROODHOUSE FROM THE NORTH-WEST—THE EDINBURGH PALACE SHOWN IN A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY W. DOUGLAS MACLEOD : It was in 1128 that David I, King of Scots, founded the Augustinian Abbey of Holyrood and established there Canons Regular from the Priory of St. Andrews in Fife. The site lay within a forest setting of hill, crag, lochs, braes and marsh, and the first buildings conformed to the set monastic plan. Between the years 1498 and 1501 King James IV, who made Edinburgh the definite capital of Scotland, began to erect the north-west tower of Holyroodhouse. In the time of Mary, Queen of Scots, Holyroodhouse covered an even greater area than does the existing building, which largely belongs to the days of the Restoration, showing an inclination to the Italianate style.

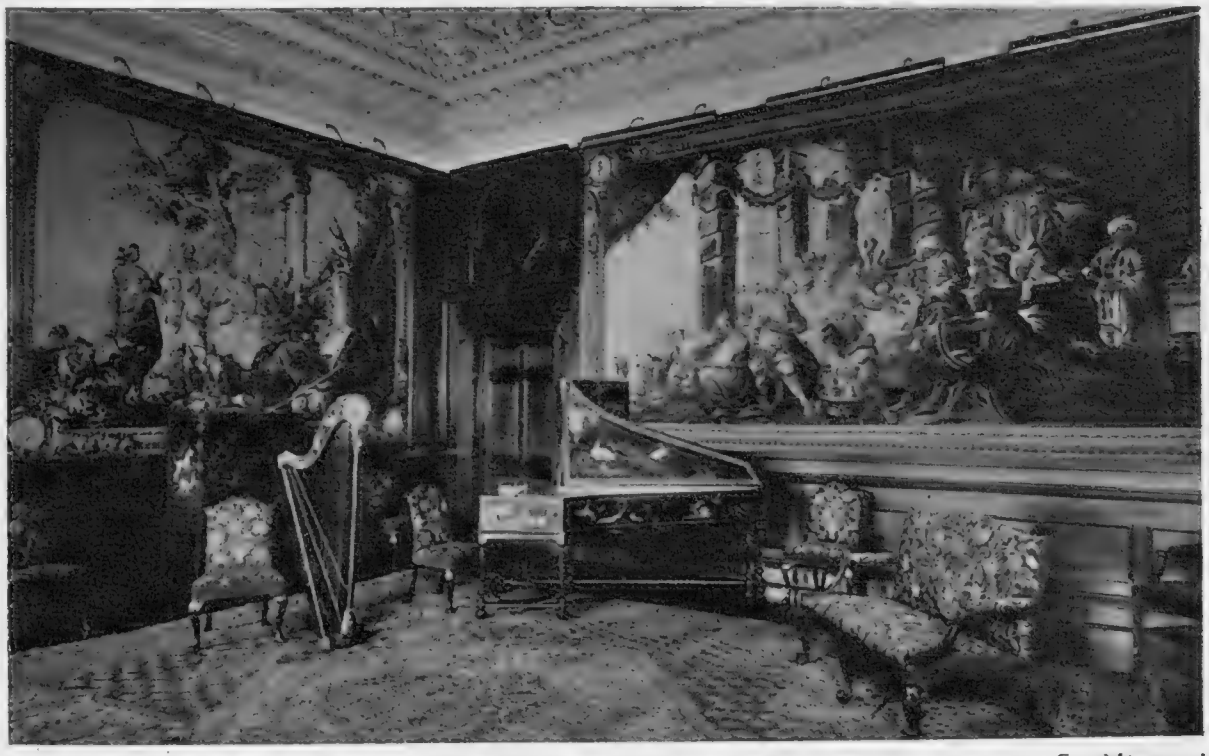
of war. The old Abbey of the Holy Rood, almost seeming to lean against the more modern Palace, was another of these casualties, though now beautifully preserved by the Ministry of Works. Seen in the right way, Holyroodhouse itself is the outcome of an old conflict and then of a happier compromise.

In the nature of things, this Northern Palace cannot often be used by Royalty that must continually be near the seats of Government in London. Its most regular function is to house the Queen's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—most recently, Admiral Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope and his suite. The hereditary Keeper of the Palace, the Duke of Hamilton, has his own small group of rooms in the old house, and the present holder of the office uses them regularly.

Scotland likes it best, however, when Holyroodhouse ceases for a period to be a mere ancient monument and comes to its proper life again with the arrival of Royalty in residence. Then come the brave days of the ceremonial drives up the Royal Mile to the Castle and along the esplanade of Princes Street; then the garden parties and presentations in the Royal park under the old Abbey walls, while the girls curtsy prettily as their great-great-great-grandmothers did to Charles Edward Stuart and their ageing fathers in morning-coats juggle, unhappily enough, with a cup of tea in one hand and a dish of strawberries and cream in the other.

King George V and Queen Mary did much to revive these courtesies to their Scottish subjects, and did much thereby to strengthen the esteem of the Northern people for the Crown. So, in their turn—the bitter years of the Second War intervening—did their son and his Scottish wife. It will be a pleasant and useful thing if the new Queen Elizabeth and her husband can bring the breath of family life back to the old Scottish Palace by regular visits, at least.

After all, her Majesty is at least half a Scot—and is he not the Duke of Edinburgh?



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A STATEROOM WITH ELABORATE TAPESTRIES : The ornate plasterwork in the Staterooms of the Palace was set up by two English plasterers who worked in partnership, John Houlbert and George Dunserfield. The tapestries, all of Renaissance character, are from the looms of Flanders, Brussels and Paris, and are of the late sixteenth and seventeenth century. Much of the furniture, although antique, has no claim to its present setting.

A SECTION OF THE NEWLY-COMPLETED CANAL WHICH LINKS TWO GREAT RUSSIAN RIVERS, THE VOLGA AND THE DON: The vessel in this picture is approaching one of the reservoirs along the route of the canal. Water from the Don is raised mechanically about 143 ft. to a reservoir, from which it flows about 286 ft. through a system of sluice-gates to the level of the Volga. The opening of this new canal, which links Stalingrad, on the Volga, with Kalach, on the Don, marks the completion of a vast new system of waterways in the Soviet Union. Russian ships can now travel between the Baltic and the White Sea, in the north, and the Caspian, the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, in the south. Soviet reports say that 90 per cent. of all work on the new canal was done mechanically. Construction was begun before the war and was resumed in 1947.

CHANGING THE FACE OF EUROPE

The Opening of the Volga-Don Canal Marks the Completion of a Great System of Russian Waterways; New Government Buildings Arise in Frankfurt

A RIVER-BOAT TRAVELLING DOWN THE NEWLY-OPENED VOLGA-DON CANAL: Thirteen large navigation locks, three pumping stations and many new roads, spillways and bridges were built during the construction of the canal. The structure on the left is not identified.

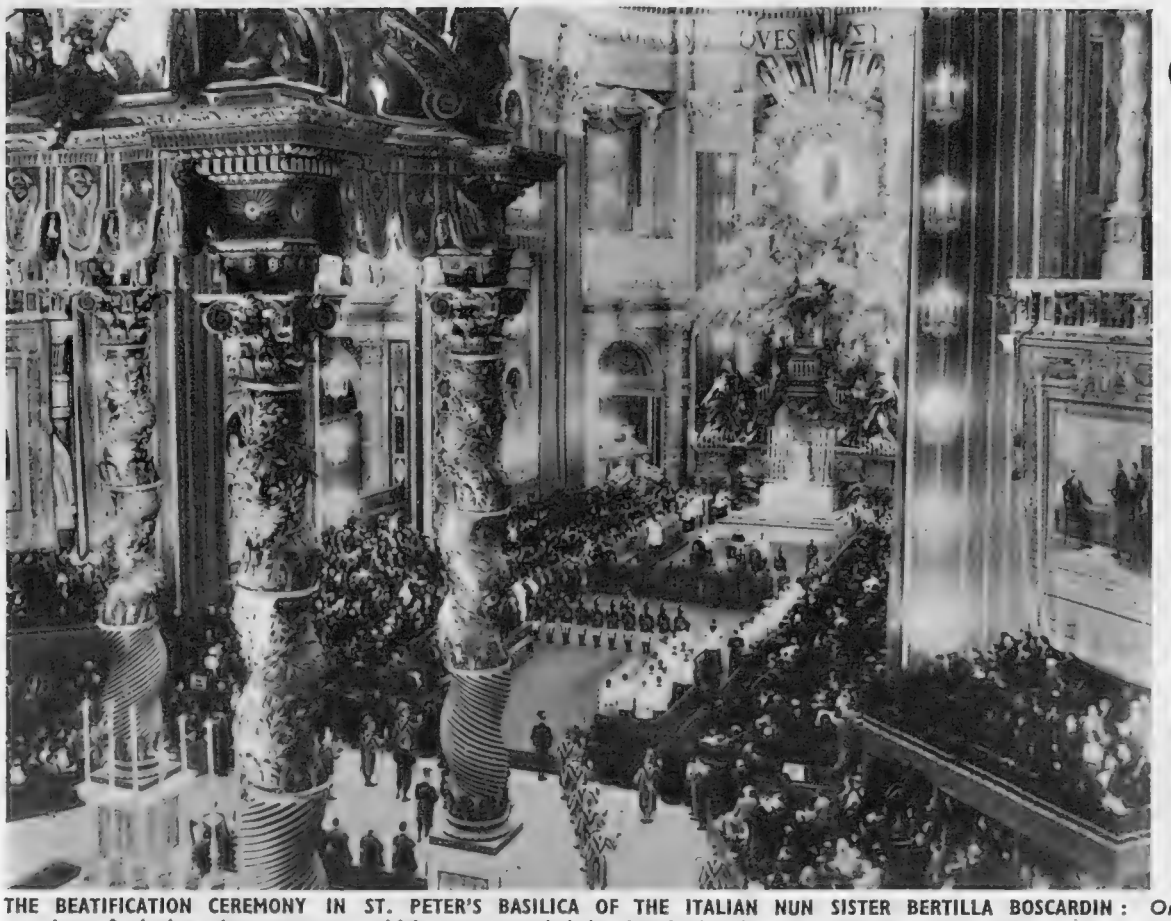
THE FRAMEWORK OF A NEW BUILDING IN FRANKFURT, A.-M., WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY HOUSE ONE OF THE BIGGEST TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH RELAY POINTS IN EUROPE: This is one of a number of huge modern buildings under construction in Frankfurt and is a project of the West German Federal Post Office. Trunk lines from all over Europe will meet at the new exchange, which is scheduled to be ready for operation next year. The building is being constructed on the site of the old telegraph office, which was destroyed by Allied bombing during the war.

On left—
THE SHAPE OF OFFICIAL ARCHITECTURE IN MODERN GERMANY: This is the new building, almost completed, of the West German Federal Food, Agriculture and Forestry Ministry in Frankfurt. It will be opened at the beginning of next month, when more than 1,000 Civil Servants will move into the building's 764 rooms.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN MODERN AND MEDIEVAL BUILDING IN FRANKFURT: In the foreground is the fourteenth-century Eschenheim Tower, once the gateway of the ancient town; behind it rises the steel skeleton of the Federal Post Office's new international telephone exchange.

CEREMONIAL IN ROME

The Beatification of Sister Boscardin; Cardinal Spellman Opens a Sports Field; The Italian Carabinieri Anniversary



THE BEATIFICATION CEREMONY IN ST. PETER'S BASILICA OF THE ITALIAN NUN SISTER BERTILLA BOSCARDIN: *On left*—A general view of the scene in St. Peter's on June 8 during the ceremony, which was attended by hundreds of people who knew Sister Boscardin personally. *On right*—Pope Pius XII venerating the newly beatified nun. Sister Boscardin, who died in 1922 at the age of thirty-four, was a domestic servant at nine and entered a religious order five years later.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK MEETING MEMBERS OF A LOCAL SOCCER TEAM IN ROME: Cardinal Spellman was on a visit to a slum area where he blessed a new sports field, a gift from the American Knights of Columbus.

THE ITALIAN CARABINIERI CELEBRATE THE 138TH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR FOUNDATION: President Einaudi of Italy, accompanied by high-ranking Army officers, raises his hat as he passes along the lines of Carabinieri during their anniversary parade in the courtyard of the Officers' School in Rome. Most of the men are in full dress, but on the right are squads wearing modern battle dress, some of them carrying skis. Behind them are mounted Carabinieri and in the background motorised units. "Faithful through the years" is a free translation of the motto below the clock. The Carabinieri, who are not strictly soldiers but armed police, were founded in 1814.

On left—

MOUNTED CARABINIERI SHOWING THEIR PACES DURING THE RECENT CEREMONIES MARKING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR CORPS: They were performing in the courtyard of the Carabinieri Officers' School in Rome before a distinguished audience including the President of Italy and many of the highest-ranking officers of the Italian Army.

Yachting in June

WITH UFFA FOX ON THE IRISH SEA

The Yacht Races from Dunlaoghaire and Beaumaris to the Isle of Man; Dinghy Racing on Lough Ree

Uffa Fox, distinguished yacht designer and enthusiastic yachtsman, has been on a visit to Ireland, there to take part in the race across the Irish Sea from Dunlaoghaire to Port St. Mary, Isle of Man, sailing in the Huff of Arklow, *and to watch the Irish Dinghy Racing Association's championships on the waters of Lough Ree. In these notes Mr. Fox comments upon these events, and also upon the race from Beaumaris, North Wales, to the Isle of Man.*

MY way to Ireland took me through London Town, and as my taxi journeyed through Trafalgar Square I caused it to stop so that I might look once again, after many years, at the Standard 100 feet, the Standard Chain of 66 feet, the Standard Foot, the Standard Two Foot and the Imperial Yard, as well as the Standard Rod, Pole and Perch. Each and every one in brass and let into the north wall and true at 64 degrees Fahrenheit.

I rejoined my taxi and marvelled at the trouble the Board of Trade had taken to ensure that no man could have a longer or shorter two-foot rule than his neighbour.

My thoughts then turned to the race I was about to take part in, and I called to mind that the Royal Ocean Racing Club had also set standards so that sailing vessels could be measured and rated accurately by the R.O.R.C. yard-stick.

Owners or designers might develop speed on a certain point of sailing, but all this would be levelled out by different weather conditions met over long courses, on which every vessel and her crew would be driven hard and tried to the utmost.

Later, as I crossed in the steamer from Liverpool to Dublin, my thoughts went on to the fact that whilst a steamer could shock the elements by proceeding at full speed in a calm, when all the sea, sky and wind is hushed into gentle stillness, that when we started in our sailing race from Eire to the Isle of Man we should at all times be in perfect harmony with the weather.

If the sea was calm and still we should be becalmed and quiet and unable to do anything to alter it. Then, in blowing weather, when the clouds were racing and chasing across the sky and the seas rushing and roaring, our vessel, driven by this exciting and exhilarating air, would be in perfect harmony with the elements as she, too, rushed and danced in triumph over the wild waters with a bone in her teeth. So I arrived in Dublin, sure in the knowledge that our vessel would be measured fairly and that we had to attune her and ourselves to Dame Nature and then do our utmost. Friday came in with a fresh north-east wind, hard, cold, dismal and dreary—for, as well as the wind being dead ahead, we also had a cold, heavy rain. However, at noon the wind had veered enough to allow us all to lay the course.

UFFA FOX MAKES READY FOR SEA: Mr. Fox aboard the *Huff of Arklow*, in which he took part in the race from Dunlaoghaire (Kingstown) to Port St. Mary.

MR. ARNET ROBINSON'S 14-TON BERMUDA CUTTER "NOMAD," WHICH TOOK PART IN THE RECENT RACE FROM BEAUMARIS, NORTH WALES, TO PORT ST. MARY, ISLE OF MAN: *Nomad's* large-reaching jib set to perfection pulled her through into second place during the last part of this race across the Irish Sea from the Welsh coast. *Nomad* was beaten by 1 min. 1 sec.

Twelve of us crossed the starting-line at 8 p.m., all filled with light endeavour. Our vessel, *Huff of Arklow*, hit the line as the starting-gun fired, and the Blue Peter was lowered, but although we were first away and led the fleet of twelve, the two fastest of the fleet caught us after we'd sailed two miles, *Marama*, ably sailed by H. Osterberg, the Danish Consul, passing us to windward and Fred Brownlee's *Flying Fox* sailing past to leeward.

We did not feel worried by this as all the fleet was measured by the R.O.R.C. yard-stick, and these two allowed us time. Forty minutes after the start we were abeam of the Bailey, with two ahead and nine astern. Wind east-south-east about 15 miles an hour and visibility ranging from 5 to 50 miles according to the amount of rain about us. Away to the north-west we could, at times, see the Mountains of Mourne under our lee bow some 40 to 50 miles away. As darkness came upon us the condition remained the same and we still bowled along at 7½ knots almost close hauled.

The weather was certain to shift from the east and go west, so we decided (quite wrongly, it proved later) to drive along just free of close hauled, so that as well as sailing fast with the easterly we should later be fast and free with the westerly to come.

Daylight came and still the wind persisted easterly and had even backed, and these conditions obtained until we crossed the finishing-line at the lighthouse on the outer breakwater of Port St. Mary.

All through the night the fleet drove through a head sea against an ever-increasing wind. Daylight found us to leeward of the leaders as well as *Fingal*, *Ann Gail* and *Viking*, all of whom had held their luff. In the early morning we carried away our jib halyard block, but fortunately the spinnaker halyard was of wire with a rope tail, so it was reset on this and later changed from the large to the intermediate jib.

All around were gannets and fulmars, delighting us with their wonderful grace and speed on the wing, and, as we sailed close to the Chicken lighthouse, we witnessed the kite-fishing by the lighthouse men.

After sailing sixteen hours, all to windward, we entered Port St. Mary and enjoyed the Isle of Man, the result, after the R.O.R.C. rating was applied, being:

1st, *Marama*, H. Osterberg (owner); 2nd, *Fingal*, W. Chambers (owner); 3rd, *Alata*, R. P. Campbell (owner).

Beaumaris to Port St. Mary.—Parallel to the Dunlaoghaire–Port St. Mary race was a similar race under the burgees of the Royal Anglesea and the Royal Dee Yacht Clubs—again using the Royal Ocean Racing Club's measurement rule as their yard-stick.

The seven yachts in this race from Beaumaris started with the light east-south-east wind well abaft the beam, and half-way to the Isle of Man all seven were within hailing distance of each other.

However, here the wind backed and gradually freshened to 25 miles an hour and the Bermudian sloops, with their large, reaching jibs set to perfection, gradually drew out ahead on corrected time.

The morning start in daylight meant a finish in a strange harbour in the darkness, and some, afraid of the difficult task of berthing, sailed out to sea after crossing the finishing-line.

THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE ROYAL ANGLESEA YACHT CLUB AT BEAUMARIS, JOINT SPONSORS OF THE RACE TO PORT ST. MARY, IN THE ISLE OF MAN: This view, taken from Beaumaris Castle, shows how the clubhouse commands fine mountain views across the Menai Straits. This year the Royal Anglesea is celebrating its 150th anniversary.

THE MASS START OF THE NATIONAL FIREFLIES: Competitors in the Itchenor Burgee Trophy Race in Chichester Harbour seen as they set out on their eight-mile course. Forty-one boats started in a fresh to strong south-westerly breeze and a magnificent race ensued, the winner being C. Currey in *Sunlight*.

HE ITCHENOR BURGEE RACE

The little *Circe*, sailing high on the course, went ground in Derby Harbour, some three miles from t St. Mary.

Sunday forenoon was spent by both the Irish and Welsh yachtsmen visiting each other, and in the ternoon half of both fleets put to sea reefed in to flashing steep seas of a strong south-westerly and ttled their way home.

Result, after R.O.R.C. rating applied:

1st, *Blue Water*, P. C. Shaw; 2nd, *Nomad*, Arnet Robinson; 3rd, *Nancy*, D. St. Clair Brierley.

The Irish Dinghy Racing Association Championship Week, 1952.—The Irish Week starting Whitsunday, June 2, and ending Saturday, June 7, brought st-class helmsmen from far and wide to Lough Ree. also brought every kind of weather, from light air sunshine to gales of wind and rain.

Amongst the notable helmsmen there were mmy Mooney, who will probably represent Ireland the Olympic Games at Helsinki; Dick Uren, twice mpion of Ireland as helmsman and twice full-back England; Doctor Alf Delany, champion of 1950, his brother, Vincent ("Pompey") Delany, the ner-up; also Walter Levinge, the Vice-Commodore; Colonel and Mrs. Richardson, known the world over their wonderful sailing ability; R. Douglas Heard, sident of the Irish Dinghy Racing Association and ther helmsman of world-wide fame, was also well the fore. So it may be gathered that the standard sailing was very high throughout the week.

Although the racing was so keen, the meeting had feel about it of a garden-party—everyone was to win, but the soft lighting, the ever-changing ds and the loveliness of the lake spread a soft, thing calm over all between races.

On Wednesday morning it was blowing a gale and race officials wisely postponed the races for an r to let some heavy squalls pass. This hour was t playing Rugger and Soccer.

So a joyous yet serious week went its way all too at Lough Ree.

E HELMSMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP ON LOUGH REE: Sailing a 14-footer dinghy in one of the events in the Irish Dinghy Racing Association's Championship.

COMPETITORS PREPARE THEIR BOATS FOR THE RACE: Getting ready for the Itchenor Burgee Challenge Trophy, which produced some exhilarating sailing among the National Fireflies. The dinghy in the foreground is about to be wheeled along the planking down to the water on one of the rubber-tyred transporters.

THE CREW OF THE "WISTFUL" HAVE REASON TO BE GLUM: Mr. H. G. Waye and Mr. G. Hayward attempting to right their dinghy after capsizing during the race for the Itchenor Burgee. There were several mishaps in big and small degree during this day of boisterous racing.

TREASURE HOUSES OF BRITAIN

Keats House is Restored to its Former Glory; The Hunterian Collection on View at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood; Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire, Open to the Public

THE CHESTER ROOM IN KEATS HOUSE WHICH WAS REOPENED A SHORT WHILE AGO BY THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE : This room, which was added after Keats's time by Elizabeth Chester, now houses certain relics previously placed in the adjoining library and other gifts. Among the relics is a life mask of the poet.

THE BRAWNE SITTING-ROOM : In this room are a lock of Fanny Brawne's hair and the engagement ring which Keats gave to her.

KEATS HOUSE, IN KEATS GROVE, HAMPSTEAD, REOPENED AFTER REPAIRS MADE NECESSARY BY BOMB BLAST AND DAMP : The house has been restored, as far as has been possible, to its condition during Keats's life, and various features introduced since his death have been removed. The cost of the structural work involved in the restoration has been borne by the Hampstead Borough Council.

The house in Keats Grove where the poet John Keats lived from December 1818 until September 1820 (a few months before his death), was built in 1816. Although popularly known as Keats House, its original name of Wentworth Place has now been restored. The house was purchased by public subscription and handed over to the Hampstead Borough Council in 1925 and later opened as a permanent memorial to the poet. In the course of the ensuing years and because of the age of the house, the structure deteriorated and the custodians announced their intention of restoring the house and redecorating it as nearly as possible in the style as it was known by Keats. To help them with this work the Council last year appealed for £1,100 to add to the £1,200 subscribed by the Pilgrim Trustees, certain citizens of Hampstead and others. Just after Whitsun when the work of restoration had been completed, Lady Crewe, chairman of the Keats-Shelley Association, attended a special ceremony in the garden and formally reopened the house to visitors. Present at the ceremony was Mr. Harold Nicolson, who revived the memory of Fanny Brawne, the one-time neighbour and later fiancée of Keats. He said that he knew of no tragedy so curiously poignant as that which had taken place in the house. It was there that Keats, as a very sick man, knew he could not marry Fanny Brawne. Inside the house Keats's writing-desk has been placed in his small sitting-room and a copy of Severn's picture of the poet, now in the National Portrait Gallery, placed over the original chimney-piece.

KENWOOD IS THE SCENE OF AN EXHIBITION DRAWN FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM HUNTER : A general view in one of the rooms at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, near Hampstead Heath, and showing some of the exhibits collected by the eighteenth-century anatomist and obstetrician, and loaned to the L.C.C. by Glasgow University.

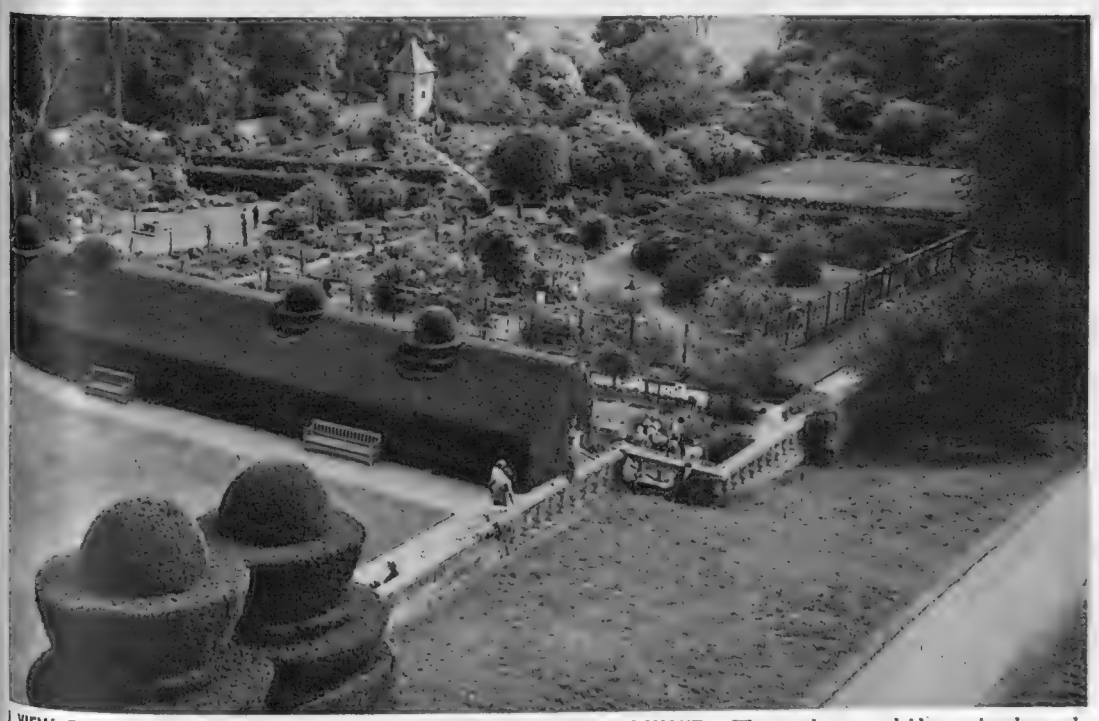
"THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST," A REMBRANDT PAINTING IN THE HUNTERIAN COLLECTION, A PART OF WHICH IS NOW ON VIEW AT KENWOOD : Bredius described this picture as a preliminary sketch for Rembrandt's painting for Prince Frederick Henry of Orange and now in the Alte Pinakothek, Munich.

In a foreword to a catalogue of the Hunterian Collection, a part of which is now on view at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, the chairman of the L.C.C. writes: "The London County Council is especially glad to have the opportunity of exhibiting this collection because it harmonises with the Council's intention to re-create the eighteenth century at the Iveagh Bequest. It is, in fact, an authentic example of that taste." William Hunter's collection was begun at an early age with items and specimens for use in his professional teaching and research. As his scientific interests widened, however, this purely medical bias diminished, and the books, manuscripts, coins, prints and pictures were added almost entirely during the last fifteen years of his life. He bequeathed the collection to Glasgow University, which has lent for the exhibition at Kenwood forty-five paintings and thirty-six other objects with a total value exceeding £100,000. Apart from pictures, other exhibits loaned to illustrate Hunter's work, life and interests, include some of his published works, his own notebooks, his manuscript journal of his attendance on Queen Charlotte, his own microscope, tables and chairs said to come from his house in Windmill Street, and his certificate of appointment as first Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy of Arts in 1768. Items from the Hunterian library include a late fourteenth-century manuscript by Boethius and an edition of the *Golden Legend* published by Caxton in 1483. William Hunter was born in East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, in 1718 and entered the University of Glasgow in 1731, where he intended to study for the ministry of the Scottish Church.

THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM OFF THE HALL OF CRATHES CASTLE, NEAR BANCHORY, KINCARDINESHIRE: On the right is the oak armchair made for the first Laird's wife in 1597. Between 200 and 300 guests and members of the public were present when Major-General Sir James Burnett of Leys handed over the property to the National Trust for Scotland. In the course of his speech the Earl of Wemyss and March, chairman of the Trust, said there was a misapprehension regarding the Trust. The common phrase used when a property was made over to the National Trust was that it had been "given to the nation." This gave the impression that State ownership was involved, but that was inaccurate, for the Trust's form of take-over was older than what was now called "nationalisation." The properties were in effect held on behalf of the nation: not owned by the people generally but by a small section who supported the Trust by voluntary contributions.

CRATHES CASTLE FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND: The scene as the Earl of Wemyss and March addressed the guests during the ceremony in which he formally opened the castle to the public. Standing on the right are Sir James Burnett of Leys and Lady Burnett. The castle has been the home of Burnett of Leys since the sixteenth century.

THE HALL, WITH ITS VAULTED CEILING AND WALLS OF GRANITE BOULDERS: Above the mantelpiece hangs the jewelled ivory hunting horn presented to the Burnetts by King Robert the Bruce in 1323. The horn was the badge of the ancient office of Coroners of the Royal Forest of Drum. Since 1877 several painted ceilings have been discovered in the tower bedrooms. One of these represents the Muses and Christian Virtues playing old musical instruments.



A VIEW FROM CRATHES CASTLE SHOWING THE UNIQUE GARDEN LAYOUT: The garden was laid out in the early eighteenth century and the formal plan of eight separate enclosures divided by giant yew hedges still remains. Each separate garden has a different design, and among the rare plants are many which have never before been grown successfully so far north. The garden is now to be used as a propagating centre for the National Trust's other estates.

Of the increasing number of properties owned by the National Trust for Scotland, perhaps the most interesting to the general public are the lived-in country houses which present, as it were, the whole historic pattern of the place right up to the present day. Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire, which has recently been handed over to the Trust by General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, is, perhaps, one of the most important of these.

The castle, which was begun in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots and finished in 1596, is a superb example of the last and most splendid phase of the old Scottish style of building. Like other castles of this group (which includes Glamis, Fyvie, Craigievar and Pinkie), Crathes is built on the traditional keep plan, then long since abandoned in England. The lower half of the tower is massively simple, but as the solid, harled walls rise up, corbelled turrets and towers, crow-stepped gables and chimneys, carved gargoyles and heraldic plaques blossom out into a rich fantasy of ornament.

The family Burnett of Leys which was established in the south of England in Saxon times is one of the oldest in Scotland. Strong supporters of King Robert the Bruce in his struggle against England, they were rewarded in 1323 with a gift of the lands and made Coroners of the Royal Forest of Drum. In early times the family lived in a lake dwelling in Banchory Loch (now drained), and the title "of Leys" which goes with the chieftainship of the clan, originally referred to the Loch shores. In 1553, Alexander Burnett began to build the present castle with help from various rich properties transferred to his wife by her uncle, Canon Robert Hamilton. Before the full blast of the Reformation scattered the wealth and lands of the Scottish ecclesiastics, a number of prudent churchmen had made provision by conveying their riches to lay relatives.

Alexander Burnett's great-grandson and namesake, with his wife, Katherine Gordon, were the first Laird and Lady to set up house in the new castle, and many of their ideas of decoration and domestic comfort can still be seen to-day. It is rare in Scotland to find anything but the plainest furniture of this period, and the elaborately carved oak bedstead dated 1594 and two straight-backed armchairs bearing their initials are interesting specimens of the time. The long gallery at the top of the tower, once used as a Court of Barony, was then a newly-borrowed fashion from England, but the oak-panelled ceiling is unique in Scotland.

Although the great hall has undergone various alterations, the present owners have revived much that is vigorously Jacobean in character. The vaulted ceiling and walls of granite boulders were originally plastered over and ornamented with painted decoration, of which a few remnants are preserved in alcoves on the north wall. With its massive yet kindly Scottish grandeur, this is the most impressive room in the house to-day.

Crathes is one of the few castles of this date to escape at least some sort of battering in the religious and political broils of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This was due less to chance than to family characteristics. For, living in rough and riotous times when sudden death and disaster was often the fate of succeeding generations of many Scottish families, the Burnetts were unusually interested in culture and education, and managed to keep peace both within and without their gates.

Sir Thomas Burnett, who was knighted in 1620 and later made a Baronet of Nova Scotia, was a trusted friend of Charles I and of his romantic henchman, "The Great Marquis of Montrose," who stayed at Crathes more than once. Later on in the century his great-grandson was marked down by William of Orange for a peerage, but the King died before this was disposed. It was his son who added the Georgian wing which is welded to the south wall of the tower.

The Green Lady's Room was haunted, it is said, by the shadowy figure of a woman holding a dead child in her arms. When the fireplace was uncovered after the First World War the skeletons of a woman and child were found buried underneath the hearthstone. Since these bones were given a Christian burial, the Green Lady has not been seen at Crathes.

Sir James and Lady Burnett will continue to live in part of the house, and although the National Trust now owns the castle and garden, the rest of the estate remains in the Burnett family.

Sheila G. Forman

WITH BAYONETS FIXED, DRUMS BEATING AND COLOURS FLYING

ROYAL FUSILIERS MARCH IN LONDON

The 1st Battalion's "Hail and Farewell" Between Two Periods of Overseas Service

In 1685 the original Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, then an ordnance regiment, escorted the cannon of James II en route from the Tower of London to the Western Road to encounter the rebel Duke of Monmouth.

Last week, 267 years later, that same regiment marched through the City of London along that same route but in reverse, a march which gave Londoners an opportunity of acclaiming its own regiment after thirty years spent in overseas service and prior to yet another spell abroad, this time with the United Nations forces in Korea.

At the outset of last week's march the Battalion was halted at Holborn Bars, by Grays Inn Road, to be challenged by the City Marshal, with the traditional cry, "Who comes there?" The commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Stevens, stepped forward and declared: "The 1st Battalion The Royal Fusiliers, exercising their ancient privilege of marching through the City with colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed." Salutes were exchanged and the Battalion advanced, led by the regimental band in blue uniform, with the shining brass swords presented by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The five companies of officers and men wore battle dress; the officers with white gloves, the warrant officers and sergeants with scarlet shoulder sashes.

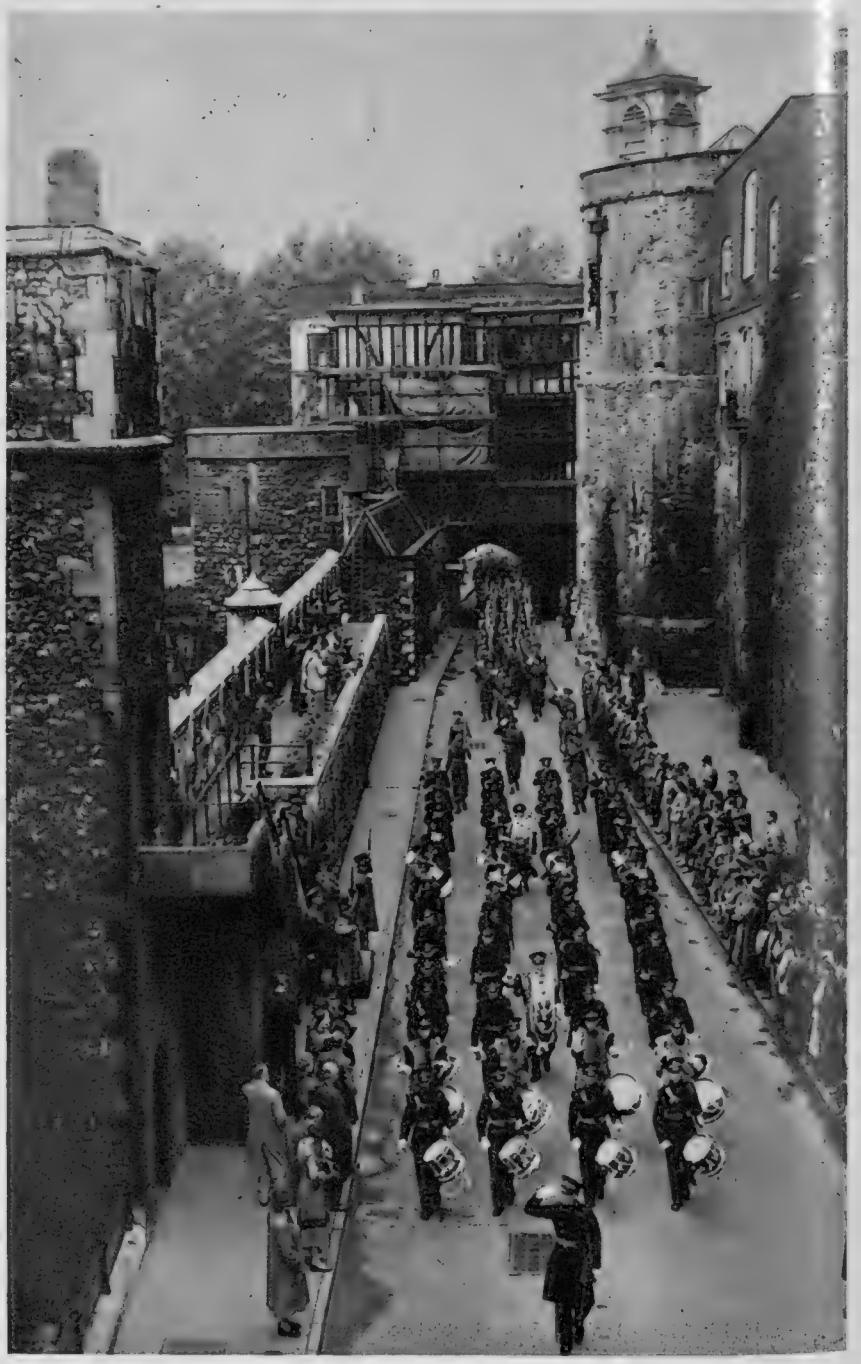
The big moment of the march was when the Battalion reached the Mansion House, where Sir Bracewell Smith took the salute on behalf of the Lord Mayor.

After the great parade the troops repaired to Guildhall, there to be dined and wined by the City Corporation.

MEN OF THE 1st BATTALION THE ROYAL FUSILIERS (CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT) GIVING EYES RIGHT AS THEY PASSED THE REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL IN HOLBORN: The Battalion, which has only lately returned to England after thirty years of continuous service overseas and which was about to embark for Korea, marched with ceremony from High Holborn to the City, exercising the traditional right of having bayonets fixed, drums beating and colours flying. After the march officers and men were entertained at the Guildhall.

THE COLOURS OF THE 1st BATTALION THE ROYAL FUSILIERS ARE MARCHED PAST THE MANSION HOUSE: In front of the draped and beflagged Mansion House Alderman Sir Bracewell Smith, acting on behalf of the Lord Mayor, stood with the Sheriffs to take the salute as the Battalion came by to the playing of the march, "The British Grenadier." The route was lined with Fusiliers.

MEMBERS OF THE BATTALION ARE ENTERTAINED TO LUNCHEON AT GUILDHALL BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON: At the top table sat Sir Bracewell Smith, acting on behalf of the Lord Mayor, and with him were Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Stevens, the commanding officer, and Major-General J. F. Harter, Colonel of the Regiment. The menu included soup, chicken and salad, red and white wine. There were cigars and cigarettes, and each man received matches in a leather case with the City crest.



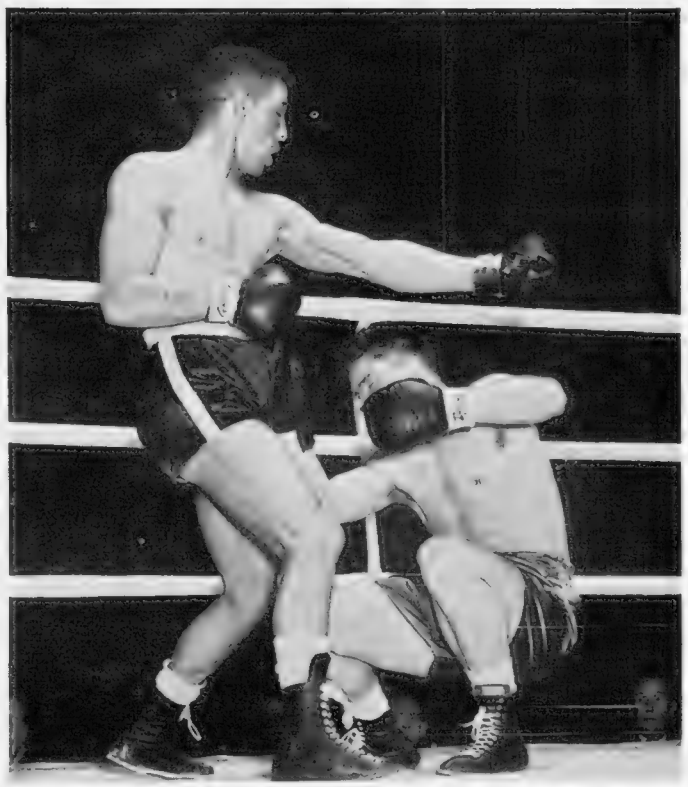
THE BATTALION WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: At the end of the march through the City Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Scobie, the Lieutenant of the old fortress, took the salute of the Fusiliers in Water Lane, standing upon a dais flanked by Yeomen Warders. Afterwards the Battalion was dismissed on the White Tower parade-ground.

HALIBURTON — COMPTON
TURPIN — DUKE

Names That Loom Large in the World of Sport Following Last Week's Achievements

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF TOM HALIBURTON, THE SCOTTISH PROFESSIONAL GOLFER: Haliburton sinking a short putt at Worthing during the Spalding professional tournament, in which he returned a score of 61 in one round, which was thirteen strokes better than bogey for the course. Over two rounds his total was 126, which is eighteen strokes under fours for thirty-six holes, a feat never before accomplished in British golf. In the initial round Haliburton's chipping was of deadly accuracy. It left him two yards from the pin for a three at the tenth, and another short one for a three at the eleventh. A 10-ft. putt completed this round. *On right*—A characteristic picture of Tom Haliburton. Haliburton failed to win the £1,350 Tournament, the game ending in a tie between A. Cerda (Argentina) and H. Weetman (Croham Hurst). Both totalled 271. Haliburton's total for fourth place was 273.

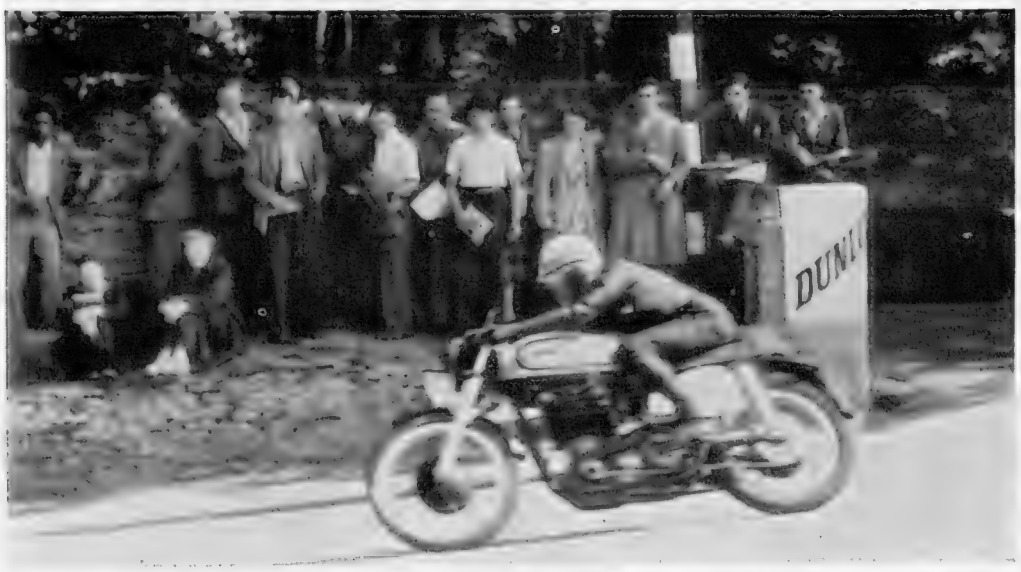
THE VICTORY OF RANDOLPH TURPIN IN THE BRITISH LIGHT-HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE WHITE CITY: Cockell (left) is seen about to hit the canvas in the third round of this fight in which Cockell lost his light-heavyweight crown and Turpin won the right to bid for the world championship. The night was fine and a crowd of 50,000 saw a contest which was often highly exciting and in which Turpin outboxed and outclassed his heavier opponent. Turpin might well have ended the contest sooner, but it was not until the last round that he began to punch with his full power.



TURPIN'S LEFT LEAD WHICH SHOOK COCKELL IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE FIGHT: The Leamington boxer, superbly muscled and in the peak of fitness, gave the impression all through the fight that he was the master of the situation and that he had only to exert himself a little more in order to clinch the issue.

On left—

DENIS COMPTON ACHIEVES A CENTURY OF CENTURIES: The Middlesex and England cricketer signing autographs for young admirers at Lord's after he had scored his hundredth 100 in first-class cricket. On the left stands his brother, Leslie Compton, who in 1948 scored his only century (against Derbyshire). Compton now joins a small select band of players who have made 100 centuries. At the top of the list is Jack Hobbs, who compiled 197 centuries, a record that may never be surpassed. Denis Compton this season has given glimpses of his old remorseless form.



GEOFF DUKE, THE WORLD MOTOR-CYCLING CHAMPION, FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION SET UP A RECORD TO WIN THE JUNIOR T.T. AT THE ISLE OF MAN: He is seen in action on the gruelling 264-mile course, which he completed in 2 hours 55 mins. 30·6 secs. for an average speed of 90·29 m.p.h. The record which he set up last year was 89·90 m.p.h. Duke led all the way through. He held off all challengers, electrifying crowds by his spectacular cornering. Duke's lap speeds were: first lap, 90·27 m.p.h.; second, 91 m.p.h.; third, 90·87 m.p.h.; fourth, 90·19 m.p.h.; fifth, 90·50 m.p.h.; sixth, 90·27 m.p.h.; seventh, 90·65 m.p.h.

DON COCKELL TAKING A COUNT OF NINE IN THE ELEVENTH ROUND OF HIS FIGHT WITH TURPIN: In this final round Cockell started the fighting and Turpin used the ring to advantage. Before long, however, Cockell walked into a stiff right counter and went down for five seconds. Then came the count of nine, and after that Cockell was sent reeling to the ropes by a truly tigerish Turpin. The referee wisely intervened, stopped the fight, and awarded the light-heavyweight crown to Turpin.

WHAT A PITY SHAKESPEARE HAD NO BOSWELL!

But the Hunt for Truth About His Life Must, and Will, Go On

HISTORY — TRUTH OR LEGEND?— Every year on Shakespeare's birthday I observe with anxiety that the authorities at Stratford lead their distinguished visitors, foreign ambassadors and other V.I.P.s, to visit the shrines of *Shakespeare's birthplace* and Anne Hathaway's cottage. I am sure that all these Shakespearean authorities who launch the annual festival at Stratford are valiant for the truth, and are above all anxious to pin down the truth about our greatest literary genius, who did all he could in his lifetime to cover his own tracks and to leave the details of his life almost 100 per cent. guesswork.

I suppose that there exist in contemporary literature and in legal documents about a dozen references to William Shakespeare of London or Stratford-on-Avon, some identifying him as a great poet and dramatist, others as a citizen of Stratford—which would be accepted in a court of law to-day as evidence beyond reasonable doubt—the date of his death, the praise and blame of his contemporary poets, friends or rivals, a will and some references in conveyances and legal documents, though not all these identify the poet with the Stratford landowner.

But I am not a Baconian, nor am I to be drawn into that fierce and thrilling controversy. I mention the "birthplace" and Anne's cottage merely to preface an argument which acknowledges and regrets the high proportion of legend which mingles with the scantier proven truth to make up what we call history or biography.

That "birthplace," for instance. The greenest, most reckless, barrister would not dare to assert its authenticity in a Court of Law in England.

"The Birthplace."—A century after Shakespeare's death no building in Stratford was identified with his birth. It was not until Garrick's jubilee, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, that anyone began to "look round" for his birthplace. The house he died in had already been pulled down. The house "chosen" for the birthplace was in Henley Street, where his father had once owned parcels of property no longer identifiable. It was built of material of a much later date than that of the type standing in John Shakespeare's youth. The site of some vanished house in another street in Stratford has probably a better claim. The chosen "birthplace" in Henley Street has not much more claim to authenticity than has the Tower of London or Windsor Castle as the poet's birthplace. An Equity judge would laugh the evidences out of court. And that goes for Anne Hathaway's cottage, and, I fear, for a score of relics identified with Shakespeare and Anne. The introduction of the qualifying word "reputed" before "birthplace," even at this late hour, would strike a blow for historical truth. It is never too late to mend, even in times when dollars are desperately needed. A nation of shopkeepers can only build an assured goodwill on sound goods, albeit the Stratford shopkeepers have done a pretty brisk business on some gimcrack relics for two centuries. But the Stratford authorities should positively henceforth call the shrine "Shakespeare's reputed birthplace."

Shakespeare, unique in so many ways, comes down to us as an exception to a very common rule which plays a big part in confounding legend with truth—the obituary praise and superlatives which forever, and more than ever to-day, burst forth on the death of a notable man.

It is natural enough. The human heart is moved, and pity for the relatives who mourn him, paints a more glowing picture than cool reflection would concede. It is so in Parliament to-day. The tributes of party leaders to dead statesmen should not be taken as historical truth by historians. Much that was said about Shakespeare when he died was never written down, and much that may have been written must have been lost—*imprimis*, the recognition by the county and the town of Stratford that a notable citizen had died.

What remains is small in compass but valuable evidence, though not unanimously laudatory. He is an enigma, and legends make him more so.

The Value of Boswells.—If he had had a Boswell! Boswells are as unique as he is, and infinitely more important than any other form of record or evidence for the truth of history and biography, of which the prime aim is to make dead notables come to life.

"How little," said Birrell in his biography of Hazlitt, "how little we know about the character of a dead man we never saw." And Maxwell quoted the words in his introduction to the first Creevey Papers.

Boswell did for Johnson and history and for himself what non-stop television and sound-recording may do to-day for a living giant—preserve them for posterity in their natural colour and flesh. But there have not been in centuries half-a-dozen Boswells to serve the thousands of native giants.

One or two have been their own Boswells. Pepys supplies unconsciously a full and authentic record of truth as to his own character, habit and environment. So does Creevey in lesser degree. Modern science may take care of the giants of to-day. If it does, half the historian's thrill in the chase after truth will be gone. A man's character is revealed in words which he lets fall off the record; anecdotes are the finest source of truth. But they must be nailed down red-hot. If they cool, they lose authenticity as well as vitality. When a great man dies, his intimates must be interrogated within a year. Five years after his death, memory grows vague and embroidery creeps in. Five days after his death, sentiment dilutes right judgment. The time for gathering evidence is about six months after death.

For biographers and historians the chief thrill of the hunt for truth has been to unearth unexpected evidence of their subjects. Relics are not evidence, they are toys for children and sentimentalists. The last pipe smoked by Tennyson, the young Pretender's dirks and sporrans (there are enough to stock a pawnshop), inkstands made from the plank on which Nelson bled (there is enough of it to redeck the *Victory*). And Shakespeare relics, even if authentic, are in the same category.

But words let fall by famous men on their deathbeds or on other great or trivial occasions are of first importance to biographers if recorded before Time has a chance to embroider or falsify them.

"Truth is the Daughter of Time."—No better example occurs to me than the record of Creevey's interview with Wellington (this year's centenary worthy) at Brussels on June 19, 1815. It is of great importance to a student of his character. And no biographer had access to that report until Wellington had been dead for fifty years. It burst on us in 1903 with the publication of the *Creevey Papers*. It wears the stamp of accuracy. Those who recall that Creevey wrote his Waterloo memories down at Cantley only in 1822, may be comforted to know that he transcribed his famous interview from letters he had written to his family and friends within two or three hours of its occurrence. It throws more light on essential matter for biography than all the personal relics at Apsley House. Probably no great man in history was by character and habit more generous in supplying data to his biographers than Wellington, none certainly more niggardly than Shakespeare.

But, after all, "the play 's the thing" that rightly draws the world to Stratford, and in all conscience the plays need no bogus relics to add to their appeal.

He stole the limelight from all the world of literature for all time, and it is a small matter, of no great aid to his appeal, to add on flimsy evidence that he also stole a deer from "Justice Shallow" at Charlecote. Shakespeare's biographical notice in *D.N.B.* occupies about fifty close-written pages, the epitome of Sidney Lee's biography. It is a daunting reflection that not 10 per cent. of the facts recorded in his monumental book could possibly be accepted as proved by evidence acceptable in a Petty Sessional Court. But it is fair to Lee to admit that he does not accept the authenticity of the "birthplace."

What a pity Shakespeare had no Boswell as his companion in his last years at Stratford to record in diary form his pregnant utterances! What a pity that no nimble journalist judged him a news story until so long after his death and the deaths of his intimates! What a pity he was not of the Paston family!

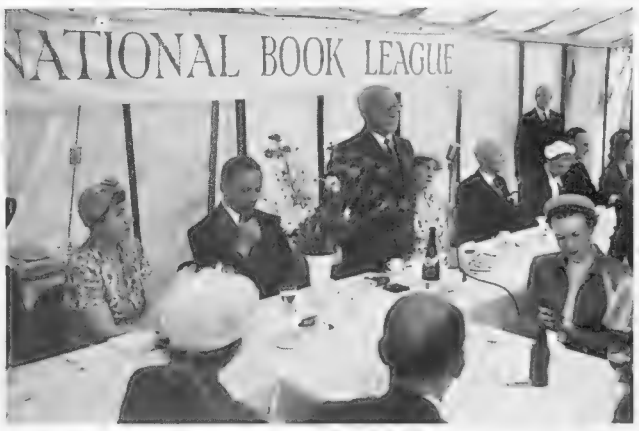
But there it is. He chose to be anonymous and we must be thankful to all who have succeeded, in defiance of his curse, in searching his dust for *authentic* relics. Of bogus relics we have all too many, and it is time we sent most of them to the jumble sale. But the hunt that matters, the hunt for *truth*, must and will go on. There may still lie hid in the attics of a manor house evidence concerning Shakespeare which an English Court of Law would accept. "Truth is the daughter of Time," as the old proverb quoted by "Josephine Tey" in her delightful detective-novel so titled, says.

A modern detective, with a literary bent, could still derive as much excitement (and imperishable fame) by turning his gifts to sleuthing Shakespeare as in trying to slip a noose over the head of a modern murderer. And much could be done (as in the case of Richard III in the cited novel) from an armchair or hospital bed by merely collecting and collating all printed evidences, and thereupon submitting them to the acid tests of the modern laws of evidence applied in our courts. Having eliminated all that cannot pass the test, he can clear the ground and start again the vital and essential hunt for the truth. And a full-sized envelope would easily contain all the data accepted by our legal rules of evidence.

But what a mass of junk, rumour, legend, forgery and downright fabrication would be cleared away! How much nearer the poet and the truth we should find ourselves if we started again from 1616 or 1564 resolved to examine every detail and reference under the microscope of court procedure.

John Gore

THE AUTHORS PLAY THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE AT CRICKET



MR. JOSEPH COMPTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE, SPEAKING AT A LUNCHEON CELEBRATING THE ANNUAL AUTHORS V. BOOK LEAGUE CRICKET MATCH: On his left is Lady Violet Bonham Carter, who proposed the toast, and on his right Air Marshal Lord Tedder. The authors' team included such famous names as Douglas Jardine, Chester Wilmot and R. C. Robertson Glasgow. Noel Evans, Ian Harrap and W. A. R. Collins were in the winning Book League team.

WATCHING THE AUTHORS V. BOOK LEAGUE CRICKET MATCH: The spectators are Sir Pelham Warner, who is editor of *The Cricketer*, and Mrs. Edmund Blunden, wife of the poet.

THE CAPTAINS MEET FOR THE TOSS: Edmund Blunden (left) of the Authors' team, and S. J. Goldsack, of the National Book League.

On right—CHESTER WILMOT (RIGHT) AND ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON WALK OUT TO THE CREASE: They were the opening batsmen for the Authors' team.

THE QUEEN AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR

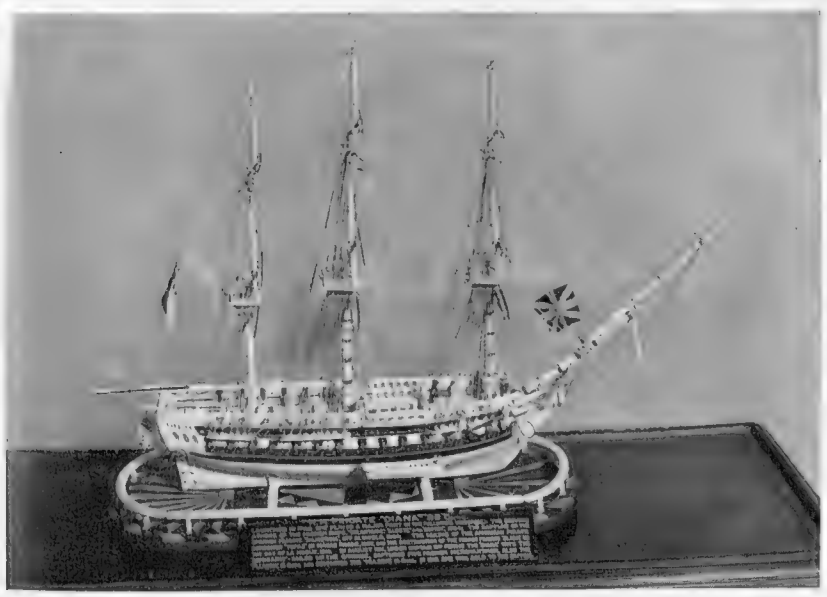
Her Majesty Visits the Twelfth Exhibition Before Its Formal Opening by Mrs. Churchill

A BOUQUET FOR THE PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE: Miss Harriet Berry, granddaughter of Lord Camrose, presenting a bouquet to Mrs. Winston Churchill during the opening ceremony of the twelfth Antique Dealers' Fair, which contains antiques and works of art of an estimated value of £4,000,000. In her speech Mrs. Churchill said that much in the Exhibition reflected a way of life and a civilisation that men and women had devoted their lives to creating. Apart from a few special loans, including several from members of the Royal Family, all the exhibits are for sale. For this reason many of the exhibits will have to be replaced before the Exhibition closes on June 26. The Exhibition organisers have made their selections from a wide area so that, within the compass of a comparatively small space, they are able to exhibit representatives of every worthwhile subject from old masters to popular prints, from glass to ivories, from silver to porcelain and from jades to furniture. A series of expert committees sees to it that, as far as possible, nothing is shown which is not authentic and made before 1830.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PAY AN EVENING VISIT TO THE FAIR: For her visit to Grosvenor House her Majesty wore a cocktail-length frock of lavender-grey sprinkled with sequins. Among the Queen's exhibits at the Fair is a pair of richly-decorated silver guéridons (a small, round table stand) of English workmanship of the seventeenth century, the tray-like tops engraved with the monogram of Charles II. The Fair is under the patronage of Queen Mary.

"MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES": This copy of the third Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays, published according to the true Original Copies, was printed in the year 1664.

A SQUADRON OF THE 12TH LANCERS: A set of carved-wood toy soldiers 1815-1830, displayed at the Exhibition. A proportion of the entrance fee to the Exhibition will be divided between the Young Women's Christian Association, the Girl Guides' Association (London) and the British Antique Dealers' Association, Ltd. The Exhibition is open daily, except Sundays, from 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. The Chairman of the 1952 Exhibition is Mr. Cecil F. Turner.



H.M. FRIGATE "DIANA": This is one of a fleet of about a dozen models of warships of Nelson's time, made by French prisoners of war during captivity in British gaols between the years 1800-17. The models, made from the bones of the prisoners' rations, old nails, pieces of hair from their pigtails and beards, and horsehair, are to scale.

A LINK WITH ELIZABETHAN DAYS: On one of the panels of this silver-mounted coconut cup is engraved the Tudor Rose beneath a crown. It bears the Royal cypher "E.R."

AN EMPIRE PERIOD GOLD AUTOMATIC WATCH WITH MUSIC: On the face of the watch just below the dial are the figures of a harpist and of a mandolin player.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL—HOLIDAYS IN NORTHERN EUROPE

COPENHAGEN, THE MAGNET OF DENMARK

A City of Many Attractions, with a Night Life that is Not Costly and Menus that are the Envy of Europe

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH the lands of Denmark, Norway and Sweden are often regarded as being a geographical unit under the heading of "Scandinavia," yet in actual fact each of these countries possesses a strong individual character, differing in many respects from the others. This difference is especially marked in their holiday appeal, and because of this I propose to deal with each one separately.

Denmark.—If it cannot be said that Denmark is an unknown holiday-ground, it may at least be truthfully said that it is comparatively little known to the average British holiday-maker. Its two main attractions for foreign visitors are Copenhagen and the Danish way of life. The countryside, including the towns and villages, might best be described as being unexcitedly pleasant, although the island of Bornholm, lying 22 miles off the south-east coast of Sweden, could well be given a somewhat higher grading. Here geologists find rock formations belonging to the oldest primeval period, bird-lovers have many delights, botanists will discover many rare wild flowers there, and for archæologists there are the remarkable round churches, built originally in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to serve also as fortresses where the population could be safe when attacked by pirates. There are sandy beaches, cliffs and woods, and in the autumn, when the heather is in bloom, this island is a delightful place in which to have a lazy holiday. Allinghe-Sandvig and Gudhjem are two recommended centres.

Without a doubt, however, Copenhagen is the magnet which will appeal most to the majority of visitors. Often the Danish metropolis is called the "Paris of the North." The Danes prefer to call Paris the "Copenhagen of the South." There are plenty of good and sound reasons, aside from its cultural interests, to visit this city, lots of good food and the night life being as important as any.

Air and ground connections to Copenhagen are good. It is only three hours from London by air (B.E.A. and Scandinavian Airlines), and the cost is little more than first-class land and sea travel, *via* Harwich and Esbjerg, but the total time taken is close on thirty hours. In Copenhagen it is advisable to make hotel reservations in advance. For £2 a day you can get satisfactory accommodation along with meals, but many people will want to eat out, for the gastronomic temptations are many. At the more sumptuous places a meal can well last between two and four hours, for the Danes look on eating not as a physical function, but an integral part of the day's social events. No visit to Copenhagen is complete without a meal at Oskar Davidsen's, where the speciality is Denmark's speciality: smorrebrod. From the 5-ft.-long sandwich menu, you have the choice of some 200 varieties, each being a masterpiece as well as a heavy meal. As liquid accompaniment, there are typical Danish drinks—aquavit, beer and the house speciality, solbaerrom, or black-currant rum.

Night life in Copenhagen is to be found in abundance, and it need not prove expensive. At the Atlantic Palace, for instance, a high-class establishment, you can enjoy a whole evening's entertainment for the cost of a glass of beer. Then there are the world-famous Tivoli Gardens with their rich variety of entertainments ranging from excellent Symphony Orchestra concerts to the "fun of the fair." Another typical Danish place is Lorry, where the turns range from juggling acts to performing horses; and here, too, one sees a new sight on the audience side of the footlights—cigar-smoking women. It 's an old Danish custom that never fails to give the British tourist a start.

The Danish Tourist Bureau, 71, Piccadilly, London, W.1, is the source to which you can apply for further information, while in Copenhagen the first-time visitor should certainly call at the Danish National Tourist Association office in the Central Railway Station. Here they can arrange most things for you and give advice on every local interest.

IN COPENHAGEN THE VISITOR CAN BEST GET HIS BEARINGS FROM THE TOWN HALL: From the Town Hall Square runs the Stroget, main street of the Danish capital. West of the square, along Vesterbrogade, is the main entrance to the famous Tivoli Gardens.

THE HARBOUR AT TEGLKAAS, ON THE LITTLE ROCKY ISLAND OF BORNHOLM, SITUATED IN THE BALTIC ABOUT 23 MILES FROM COPENHAGEN: Bornholm has a scenery entirely different from the rest of Denmark. In th island's 225 square miles there are steep cliffs, wide beaches, sand-dunes, forests, historic churches and uildings. Bornholm, in fact, can offer the visitor just about everything except mountains and fabulous hotel It can be described with truth as "a friendly, happy-go-lucky island." The island's chief towns lie on the coast.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN NORWAY

One of the Cheapest Holiday Countries in Europe To-day; A Land Famed for Scenic Beauty and Invigorating Air

LILLEHAMMER, A POPULAR CENTRE WINTER AND SUMMER ALIKE: Lillehammer is beautifully situated on a sloping hill, facing Lake Mjösa, Norway's largest lake. It is the gateway to the picturesque valley of Gudbrandsdal, and enjoys a particularly sunny climate. In the Gudbrandsdal are some of the finest tourist hotels in Norway.

No one writes about Norway without growing quite lyrical about its majestic and quite indescribable scenic beauties. There is, indeed, almost too much grand scenery, for the country consists of one huge mountain mass, gashed in all directions by valleys, gorges, lakes and rivers. Along its 12,000 miles of coastline there are thousands of fjords, as well as 150,000 islands and skerries off her extraordinary coast. Nearly 70 per cent. of the interior is mountain, 20 per cent. forest, and under 4 per cent. cultivated—terribly hard on the population, but obviously offering unlimited opportunities for those who seek the open-air life and wish to get off the beaten track.

Norway claims that it is the cheapest holiday country in the whole of Europe to-day, and certainly for around 25s. a day you can get all-in accommodation and board at many excellent hotels. Their liquor regulations, I should warn you, are, however, even more curious than those we have in Britain, and seem to provide a distinct incentive for those who like to drink by the bottle. Should you chance to be present in some village when a wedding is being celebrated, and almost certainly be asked to join in, then you will find the feasting goes on into the early hours and quite dispels the rather popular idea that the Norwegians are a dour race. It is best not to try and emulate their liquid consumption!

For those who would like to visit "The Land of the Midnight Sun," there is an interesting voyage along the coast, in well-found ships, from Bergen or Trondheim to Kirkenes, near the Russian frontier. The round trip from Bergen lasts twelve days, and as Kirkenes is regarded as a final "destination," only a small amount is deducted from the authorised currency allowance. It is also possible to fly between Oslo and Bodoe, where a seaplane service operates to Tromsoe and Kirkenes. The Bergen Line operates the shortest sea route from Britain to Norway with regular sailings between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Bergen

THE TOWN HALL OF POST-WAR CONSTRUCTION DOMINATING THE QUAYS AT OSLO : Norway's capital is pleasantly situated between high wooded hills and a fjord dotted with islands. Central Oslo is not large, and it has sometimes been called Europe's largest village. The summer Palace is situated outside the city. Oslo is an ideal centre for excursions to the surrounding countryside. There is bathing along both sides of the fjord.

On Thursdays and Sundays the "Bergen Express" enables passengers to arrive in Oslo on the same day.

One of my favourite resorts in Norway is Lillehammer, which lies at the north end of Lake Mjösa and at the entrance of the famous Gudbrandsdal, the longest valley in the country. The surrounding country is extremely beautiful, the air invigorating, while in the town itself there is Sandvig's remarkable folk museum, Maihaugen, a mecca for those who love to study the life of yesterday. It is the largest open-air museum in Europe, and one of its buildings dates from 1020. There are three dragon churches, eighty houses and fifty old workshops—some still in use. "I see Maihaugen," said Sandvig, its originator, "as a collection of homes into which one may enter and meet the very people who have lived within." Lillehammer has many hotels to suit all purses, and it is within easy reach of Oslo by train ; or, better still, leave the train at Eidsvoll, and take the steamer up lake Mjösa to Lillehammer. Lake Mjösa is the largest lake in Norway, and about 60 miles long

Oslo, if possible, certainly merits a couple of days' stay. The capital is very pleasant, and its new Town Hall will excite architectural enthusiasts. But, to me, the "high spots" of this city are the Vigeland Park and Bygdöy, a near-by suburb. I find it hard to convey an adequate impression of the Vigeland Park, for to many it is perhaps the greatest man-made wonder in our modern world. It literally overwhelms the eye and mind. Here are monumental bronze statues by the score, all the work of one man, Gustav Vigeland, who also conceived every detail in the layout of the park. Dominating the whole scene is the monolith, nearly 60 ft. high—a single block of stone.

The actual modelling of the stone alone occupied three expert sculptors for thirteen years.

Vigeland once declared, "The Monolith is my religion." Its interpretation in words is, however, quite impossible, for the whole design is allegorical, providing each visitor with a different riddle to solve. So strikingly alive are the figures that they seem to writhe and struggle for survival, with the eternal vitality of human life and its instinct to create displayed by children at the summit—the source of life finally triumphant.

At Bygdöy, within easy walking distance of each other, you can see Nansen's famous ship, the *Fram*, and the *Kon-Tiki* ; the remarkable Viking ships, in which great Viking chieftains were buried ; and the Norsk-Folkemuseum, a rich treasure-house for students of peasant art. In the surrounding park are ancient buildings brought from every part of Norway, one of the most interesting being the Stav Church, timber-built and slightly resembling a Chinese pagoda. The Norsemen built this kind of church in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but only very few have survived.

For those seeking further information concerning Norway, the Norwegian State Railways Travel Bureau, 21, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, could be consulted.

LOOKING FROM ULVIK TO THE HARDANGERFJORD IN THE VESTLANDET : Ulvik is a typical fjord village, offering in the summer months opportunities for bathing and picnic excursions. The trout fishing in this area is excellent. National costumes are still worn by the country people living round the Hardangerfjord.

TO STOCKHOLM BY THE GÖTA CANAL

A Charming Introduction to the Beauties of Sweden and the Delights of Her Capital, One of the Gayest of the World's Great Cities

GOTLAND, THE ISLAND HOME OF THE GOTHS : This is the Norderport at Visby, capital of Gotland, which can be visited by steamer from Stockholm. Gotland is 60 miles from the mainland and is 80 miles long by 30 miles broad. Into its comparatively small area are crowded some of the great architectural treasures of Sweden, including 100 medieval churches.

A STEAMER TRAVERSING ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE SECTIONS OF THE GÖTA CANAL : The traveller arriving at Gothenburg can journey 240 miles along the lakes joined by artificial waterways. The journey takes fifty-six hours and the route lies through the very heart of Sweden.

Although Stockholm, also Gothenburg, can be reached in comparatively few hours by air from London, I think that the best way to see Sweden, provided you have the time and inclination, is to travel by the excellent Swedish Lloyd's boat to Gothenburg, and then spend a couple of days or so in the idyllic voyage by the Göta Canal to Stockholm. The peace and restfulness of the great lakes, ringed by the mottled greenery of pine, fir and silver birch, cannot be exaggerated. In picturesque contrast are the narrow waterways of the canal proper, where the white-hulled steamers are so close to the flower-decked banks that one may stoop from the lower deck to pick the blossoms. Then come the beauties of the last stage, through the isle-studded archipelago of Stockholm, and one wonderful panorama of the island capital itself.

Stockholm, which is actually built on nine islands, is one of the gayest capitals in the world—even though its liquor laws are even more fantastic than Norway's. Its City Hall and other examples of an intensely individual style of architecture, and its open-air museum at Skansen, in the suburbs, where the old-time buildings of a Sweden of long ago have been brought together amid beautiful surroundings, are of considerable interest. Then, there are the delights of yachting and boating on Lake Mäla and the charms of that favourite resort of Stockholmers, Saltsjöbaden —"salt-sea-baths."

A trip from Stockholm that should not be missed is to Visby, "the city of ruins and roses," on the island of Gotland, in the Baltic. This ancient town has a rare beauty, and certainly the relics of the thirteenth-century walls—still in excellent condition—and its eleven Gothic churches make an amazing picture. Performances of an unusual thirteenth-century musical mystery play are given each year during July and August in the ruins of St. Nicholas. Not far from Visby is the pleasant seaside resort of Snäckgärdsbaden, with an excellent bathing beach. Its season ends, however, early in September.

A pleasant railway journey from Stockholm brings one to Darlecarlia, "the heart of Sweden," a lovely province famous in romance and song. The Sunday morning church parade at Leksand or Rättvik is an unforgettable experience. There are glorious views—a panorama of Lake Siljan, glittering turquoise and silver in the early morning sunshine, remains with me yet in memory. Beautiful Värmland, too, has its own glories of lake and forest.

For those who would like to visit Northern Sweden the Swedish Railways, which cover some 10,650 miles, offer inclusive motor-coach tours, which start from Lulea. In their itineraries, Finland and Norwegian Lappland are also included, and one tour even goes as far as the North Cape in Norway. Particulars of these tours, some of which cover other parts of the country, can be obtained from the Swedish Travel Bureau, 21, Coventry Street, London, W.1, who can also answer any other travel queries.

Without a doubt, Sweden offers great variety of scenery to a tourist, while the Swedes have a freshness and originality of outlook which makes a great appeal to anyone in search of that rare thing, "a real change."

BOLIVIA

LAND OF CONTRASTS AND OF REVOLUTIONS

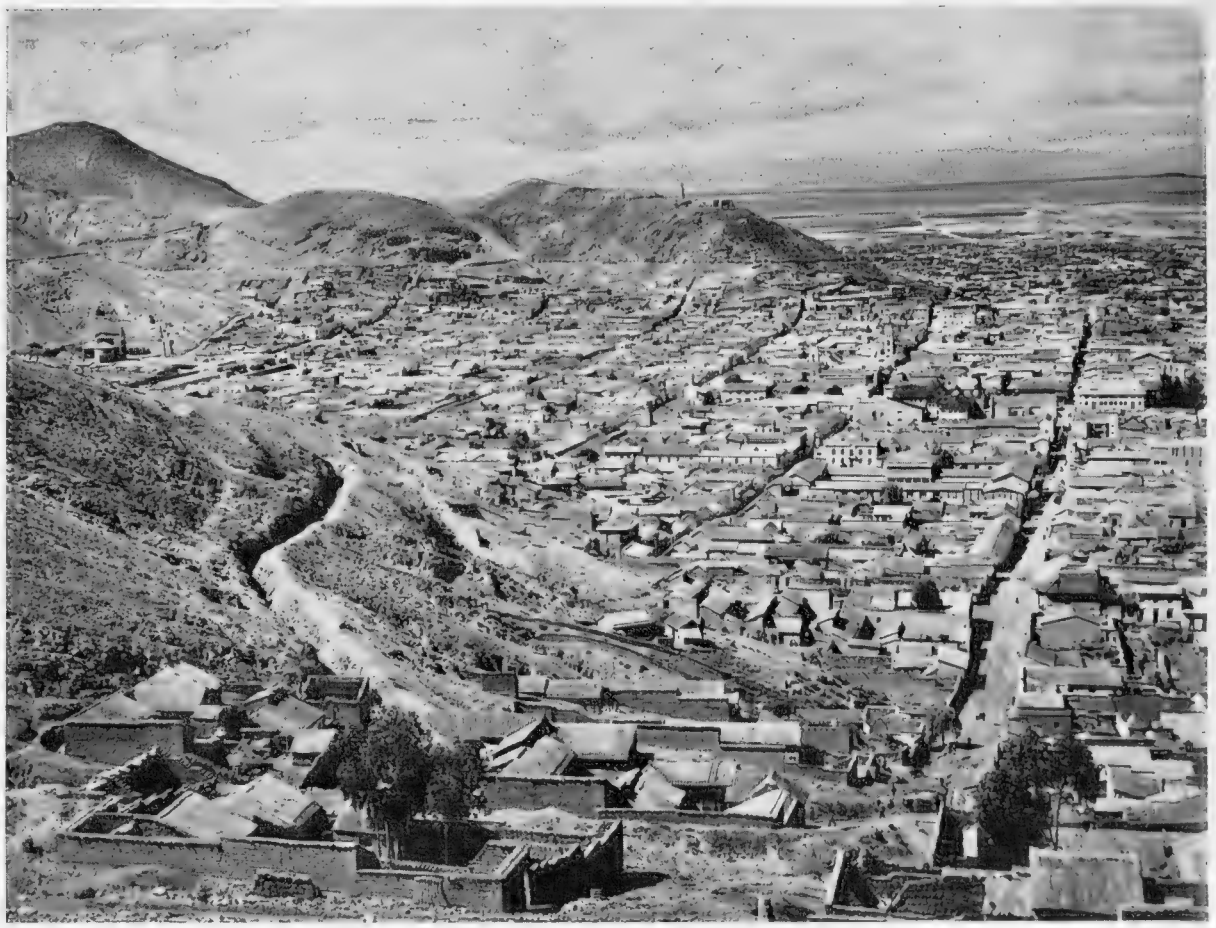
Life in Town and Country in Latin America's Most Turbulent Republic

In Bolivia one revolution breeds another, and to the cynically-minded there is not much to choose between revolutions which seem to have little impact for good upon the generality of the people, upon the tin workers of the altiplano or upon the vast, politically quiescent (but not voteless) Indian population.

The latest uprising, that led by Senor Herna Siles, one of the leaders of the National Revolutionary Movement, the M.N.R. Party, may possibly prove different to its predecessors. Its policy is ostensibly anti-capitalistic, anti-foreign, and pro-Indian. Last April the insurgents of the M.N.R. quickly gained control in La Paz, Potosi, Oruro and most mining districts, and although there was later heavy fighting round La Paz, no fewer than 450 soldiers and civilians being killed, the M.N.R. gained the day. General Ballivian fled to Chile, and the exiled Dr. Paz Estenssoro, who had been living in Buenos Aires since 1946, was brought in in his stead. In his first address after his installation as Vice-President, Senor Siles made it known that he would gear the Bolivian economy to the needs of the Bolivians, and not "to the exploiters from abroad," the remark being taken as a reference to the Patino, Aramayo, and Hochschild concerns which between them control the greater part of the Bolivian tin-mining industry, whose total exports are valued at more than 80,000,000 dollars yearly. Dr. Estenssoro later declared that one of his first acts would be to nationalise the tin mines, but at his inauguration he said that the Government would proceed "realistically" and "carefully."

What the President's tin-mining commission will eventually recommend is uncertain; but those who know Bolivia, the land of revolutions, are of the opinion that the Bolivian whites and the Indians have long-term scores which they wish to pay off against their foreign masters, and the former in particular will not be content unless the President's measures are far-reaching. The Bolivian miners know too well the number of revolutions which have been fought to no purpose.

INDIAN WOMEN WAITING TO BOARD A TRAIN TO COCHABAMBA: All women carry bundles on their backs, generally having baby tucked among the household goods. Quechua women wear tall white hats. On the other hand, the Aymara women seem to prefer bowlers.

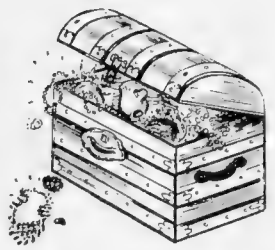


LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOF-TOPS OF THE MINING TOWN OF ORURO: Lying in the great mountain massif of the south-west of Bolivia, it is typical of the mining towns which have given their support to the National Revolutionary Movement, the M.N.R. Party which showed its strength in the revolution when General Ballivian, the former head of the State, was driven out. Bolivia, it is believed, is now on the verge of momentous changes, although its new Government will find great difficulties in combating the deeply-entrenched mining monopoly.

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE TITICACA: Balsa boats drawn up near the village of Huatajta. The boats are made from the reeds which grow along the shores of the lake. Oars or reed sails are used.

SKYSCRAPERS OF BOLIVIA: *Left*—From the slopes of this 20,000-ft. giant, Huayna Potosi, flows the water which runs the generators which supply the city of La Paz with electric light. *Right*—One of the tall buildings of La Paz University, and in the background the 21,000-ft. Mount Illimani. La Paz, standing at an altitude of 12,450 ft., is the loftiest capital in the world. Founded in 1548 as Nuestra Senora de la Paz (Our Lady of the Peace), it was renamed Paz de Ayacucho to commemorate the victory of the Bolivians over the Spaniards. Its population is about 300,000, of whom more than 30 per cent. are Indians.

Treasure Hunt



It is not surprising, with so many people treasure-hunting for fine knitwear, that you may have a deal of searching to do for a Barrie creation. These beautiful garments are, of course, the natural choice of men and women whose possessions reflect their appreciation of good things. As with all such treasures, Barrie knitwear is expensive, for only the finest Cashmere, Shetland, and real Lambswool are used in the Barrie mills, and the best is rarely the cheapest. Into each of them goes the traditional skill of Hawick craftsmen—skilled hands attending tiny details. Whilst people overseas continue to demand more of the best in knitwear, it is regretted that home supplies must remain limited. But weary not, Aladdin may smile upon you in your treasure hunt.

Jolly Roger's clue :—
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POLO : **August 24—WORLD OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP** (20 Goals).

Grand Galas at the Ambassadeurs

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF ROME

A Sensitive and Affectionate Study of Keats and Shelley Which Should Commend Itself Widely

WITHIN three years of each other, two English boys were born at the close of the eighteenth century whose names were to become immortal. One was the son of a Sussex landowner, one the son of a London livery-stable keeper, and their circumstances could scarcely have been more different. Yet their lives were to touch, and their early deaths were alike in tragedy. Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats came to know each other through their poetry—each being an admirer and a sensitive critic of the other's work. Shelley's kindness was never more apparent than in his generous offers of help to the younger and mortally ill poet, and now both lie in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, Keats with his friend Severn's grave close by him, and Shelley near the ashes of his faithful Trelawney. Mr. Ernest Raymond's TWO GENTLEMEN OF ROME (Cassell. 18s.) is the story of Keats and Shelley told, not necessarily for the army of scholars, but rather for the young and the less than young who have still to realise the full glory of these "two immortal lads." The author's claim is modest, but I would recommend his sensitive and affectionate study to a far wider circle of readers.

BACK IN BRITAIN AFTER A TWO-MONTHS TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES: Dylan Thomas and his wife Caitlin seen on arrival at Southampton from the United States, where Mr. Thomas has spent six months engaged on a lecture tour on Modern British Poetry.

Mr. Dane Chandos has left his Mexican lakeside and village for his new book, JOURNEY IN THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 15s.), in which he describes his travels in Spain on a series of pious errands connected with his uncle's legacies. That uncle, to whom the second most important thing in the world (after dinner, of course) was luncheon, had left a few sums of money, some shares, a mortgage and a wine-cellar to the servants who had given him long service and to a little lady who had also been kind in her way. Luckily for Mr. Chandos, as it turned out, these people no longer lived in San Sebastian, where the uncle's place had been, but had scattered to remoter parts of Spain, and to track them down he had to travel across the length and breadth of the country, observing, meditating and recording and, incidentally, providing the reader with an inimitable book about Spain, its buildings, its food, its manners and its humour.

Mr. Francis Brett Young, who has more knowledge of his subject than most Englishmen, has written IN SOUTH AFRICA (Heinemann. 15s.) to show that, in his own words, "in the world of to-day there is no country which excels it in beauty or spaciousness or holds out more substantial hopes of a prosperous, healthy, peaceful and gracious manner of life." This is not a guide-book. It is, more than anything, a written encouragement to people to come to South Africa and see its beauties and, if they have any sense, to spend the rest of their lives there. Mr. Brett Young's elegance and warmth of style we know of old; now he has added to it a real power of persuasion which may well leave its trace in a southward trek.

Mr. H. E. Bates writes of Kent and a little of France in THE COUNTRY OF WHITE CLOVER (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), a countryman's book that has a touch of poetry about it. In these pages the writer watches the turn of the seasons over his Kentish fields and marshes and gentle hills, and compares their effect with the distant, more violent climates he knows equally well. He writes of harvests and hop-pickers—"the Cockney loves Kent"—of market days, woodmanship, wild flowers and, in more than one passage, of the character of the Kentish man and the Man of Kent. Anyone who answers to those titles will appreciate and even glow at such lines as these, for instance: "Kent, more than any county in England, is the most virile and beautiful testimony to the fact that the English countryside as we know it to-day, with all its special pattern of field and hedgerow and village and orchard and woodland and farm, is man-made." Those are proud words, but then Kent, we think, is a subject for pride.

SIERRA LEONE STORY (Cassell. 25s.) is the work not of an anthropologist or academic observer, but of an Englishman who was posted there during the war and who spent much of his time in getting to know the native people as a friend rather than as a student. In this project, which seems to have come about without any self-conscious planning, Mr. Pearce Gervis was amazingly successful, and his record, though written with less style than enthusiasm, of the local life, its domestic outline, its religions, its often barbaric customs and its codes, reads well and convincingly.

Mr. Edgar S. Kennedy, as a member of the staff of the International Refugee Organisation, spent eight months in Korea working on the problem of the millions of homeless and hungry Korean civilians. His book, MISSION TO KOREA (Verschoyle. 16s.), therefore, has great topical interest, particularly since he has added chapters on the country's history and the pattern of its social life, though these I found rather heavy going. When Mr. Kennedy abandons his official style, however, and lets his own humour and irony have free rein, the book is more than readable.

The house obsession, by which a man or a woman can allow their life to be dominated and even spoiled by their attachment to a home, has been a little too often the theme of contemporary novels, and from its cover and title I had some misgivings about Prunella Beckett's new novel, which I thought might have been designed on these over-familiar lines. However, THE CRESCENT (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is by no means the story of a big house in one of London's better streets, but a lightly-sketched history of a big family, seen in 1927, in 1940 and again after the war. It is very well done, and not even the inclusion of five daughters and a host of friends, relations and servants, each with their special foibles, can make the plot confusing or the characters themselves vague. This author has a gift for neat dove-tailing and for a meticulous sense of consistency in her personages.

THE BRIGHT BLUE EYE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is the engaging title of a book which, according to temperament and taste, could be recommended either as a tonic or a cocktail. Katherine Dunning writes of a family, too, but from the viewpoint of a young girl in it, a member of a very informal family indeed. Their mother is beautiful, and has a heavenly—and essential—calm; their father is equally striking and a notable eccentric whose wild schemes would cause neurosis and hysteria in anyone but his loving and lymphatic wife. The children themselves are real. I can think of no higher compliment to pay the author, or any word more exact to describe them. Their adventures, when they get back from the Basque coast to Wales, are incredibly funny and touching, but it is always Father's which outdo them and Father's plans, conceived on a grandiose scale, which are the *clou* of the book. It ends with an effective tableau of Father taking the roof off their home slate by slate for purposes of his own and, as Mother and the children plan to sleep in the stables if it rains, advancing on that particular roof with the happy smile of a man whose projects are at last going smoothly. A ridiculous, heavenly book, and I 'd like to believe every word of it.

M. Jules Romains has included one fairly long and one very short novel in a new volume, TUSSLES WITH TIME (Sidgwick and Jackson. 13s. 6d.), and both have been admirably translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins. The stories are concerned, though on different terms, with abnormal or semi-occult experiences and, for myself, I found it difficult to reconcile them with M. Romains' writing in such works as the "Men of Good Will" Series. The first deals seriously but not satisfactorily with the enigmas of death and time, and the second with the fears of a man who has been through the terrible bombing of Rotterdam and who, coming to New York during the war, decides to live and work entirely below ground. The ingenuity with which the character achieves this is really diverting and, except for one not impossible detail, I could check it against my own knowledge of such places. But on the spiritualistic or time plane, I thought the story sagged, and unflattering comparisons with Mr. Dunne's writing came too frequently into my mind.

THE INSPECTOR OF RUINS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 11s. 6d.) is a novel by that controversial French writer, Elsa Triolet, and has been translated by Mr. Norman Cameron. Like some French wines, this book has not travelled well, and the fact that it remains foreign and uneasy is no fault of the translator's but is entirely due to the fact that the mood, the setting and the philosophies expressed are unalterably French, and typical only of a small French *coterie*.

Mr. Roy Vickers has followed the same plan as M. Romains in giving us two short novels in one volume, but thereafter the resemblance between their output ends. THE SOLE SURVIVOR AND THE KYNSARD AFFAIR (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) are both first-rate detective stories, particularly the first, which consists of a survivor's report on a desert island shipwreck. Seven men reach the island, but when, months later, a rescue party reaches the island they find that six have died violent deaths and that the only survivor meets them impassively on the beach, fully and neatly dressed and with a rolled umbrella over his arm. Bizarre, to say the least, and at this point the committee of inquiry goes to work, with dramatic results. The other story is more consciously ingenious, but still good in its particular way.

BLACK COUNTRY EXPLOSIVES

Phil Drabble's Spirited Defence of Tradition and Fine Craftsmanship

A strict impartiality of outlook would produce a drab uniformity in any series of volumes, and there is no doubt that Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, bearing this in mind in his editorship both of the County Books and the Regional Books, has sought out writers of individuality, knowledge and robust enthusiasm. Such a writer is Phil Drabble, Staffordshire born and bred, whose Regional book, BLACK COUNTRY (Robert Hale. 18s.), is as rugged and individual in texture as the people and the places which it describes: the former, men and women of a noble assurance, despite past exploitation, misery and squalor; the latter, part of an intricate patchwork of town mingling with country. Mr. Drabble knows this land with a deep and affectionate intimacy, and he describes it with a marked, but quite understandable, sense of possessiveness. He is jealous of its customs and traditions, resents, like his own people, the patronising strangers, "dripping with pompous schemes to educate us and colonise us on their planned housing estates, to redistribute our industries, and reshape our taste for sport." His constant plea is for the old individuality and the old craftsmanship, and his constant endeavour is to show that Black Country men and women have held fast to tradition in a world of change. There are moments, however, when these traditionalists even seem to regret that the Black Country is no longer black, the great power stations, their cooling towers dominating the whole scene, "like huge Aunt Sallies brazenly flexing their buttocks," emerging as the villains of the piece, the root cause of this elimination of smoke and grime. Mr. Drabble himself tries to be fair to the planners on this particular issue, and he admits that he has never quite grasped why people hate power stations so much; but later in the volume he cannot resist returning to the charge, declaring that, "despite the drivel thundered out by well-meaning societies for abolishing smoke, the blackness that used to be is but a memory." The author is on less disputatious ground in his appeal for the maintenance of Black Country skill.

"We made our fame and fortune by craftsmanship and sweat," he says. "Our chains were the toughest and the most reliable in the world. Our locks were not only cheap, but of beautiful design. Our works of iron and steel and brass were surpassed by none in quality. Then came the craze for mass production. Faster and faster, cheaper and cheaper was the cry. Compete if possible with the Yanks at their own game." He sees only too well the folly of competing in markets where we have no marked superiority, if any at all. Our industries, he declares, have fallen down before the God of Quantity; and the arch-priests of this Black Mass are "efficiency experts." Altogether this is a most engaging and spirited book, the sober, sound thinking of most of its pages enlivened by moments of gay aggression when the author, in the manner of Mr. Pickles, obviously feels that he simply must "have a go."

Two other areas that are brought into focus in new volumes are NORTHUMBERLAND (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), a new volume in The King's England Series; and GUERNSEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), an account of the bailiwick by C. P. le Huray. Both volumes are written and presented in the guide-book manner, and both have the virtue of being magnificently illustrated.

Compton Mackenzie, honoured in the first Birthday Honours of the new reign, wrote, some thirty-seven years ago, when he was still a young man, that charming love-story GUY AND PAULINE. This story of a poet's wooing, of the joy and pathos of a high romantic passion, of the exhilaration, of delirious happiness, and the depths of despairing desolation, is one of the best of Sir Compton's long list of novels. Many will re-read it with pleasure during the coming summer months; for it is an ideal novel for holiday reading. *Guy and Pauline* is published by Macdonald in the new uniform edition at 10s. 6d., following in the wake of *Sinister Street*, the story which showed such a remarkable insight into schoolboy life, *The Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* and *Carnival*, the second novel which, published in 1912, brought Compton Mackenzie his first big success.

Also being republished in a uniform edition are the novels of the late Miss Radclyffe Hall. The two latest additions to this series (both issued by the Falcon Press at 15s.) are THE FORGE, a story of young married life and its frictions, and A SATURDAY LIFE. Both first saw the light of day in the middle '20's.

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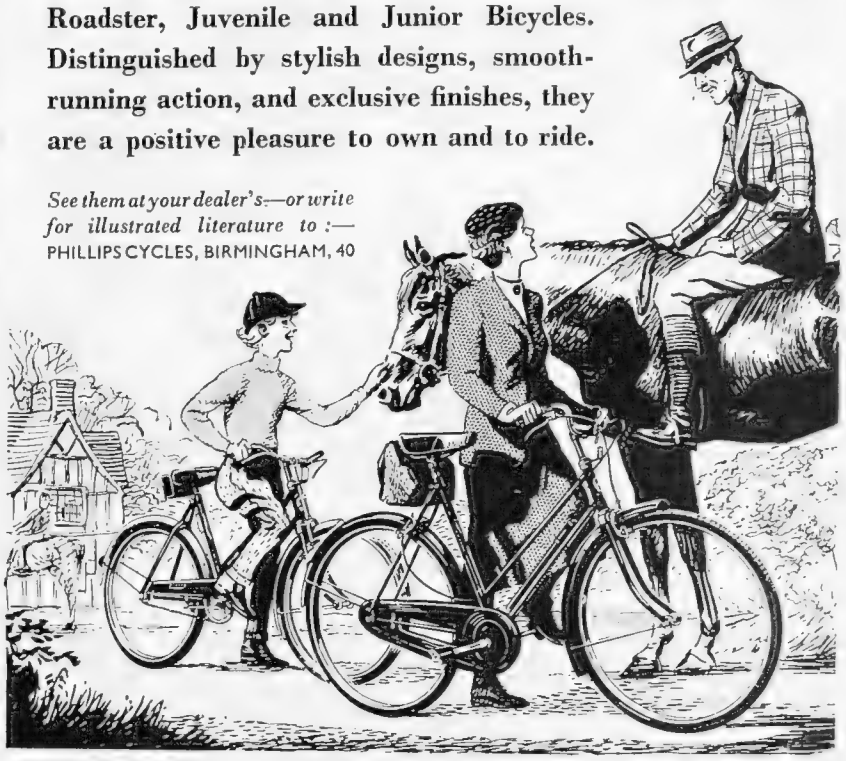

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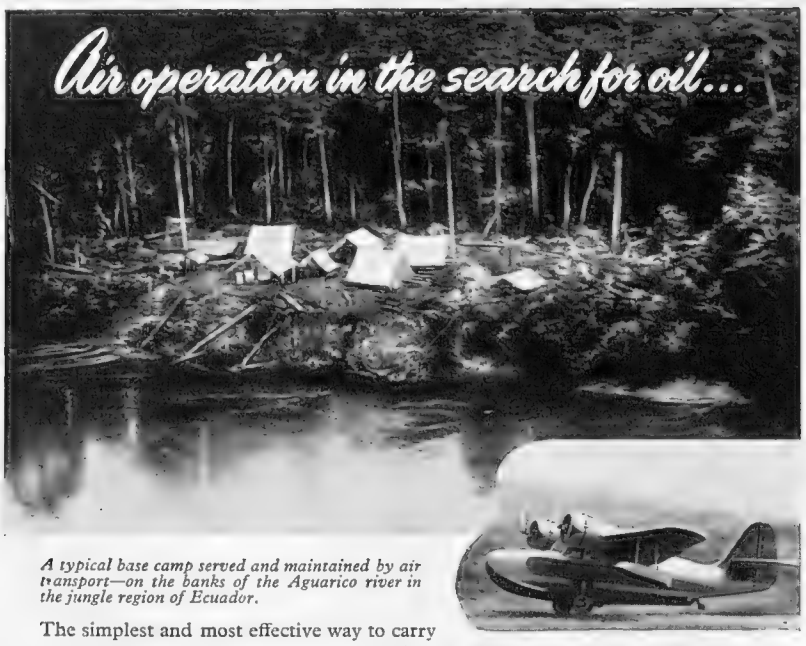

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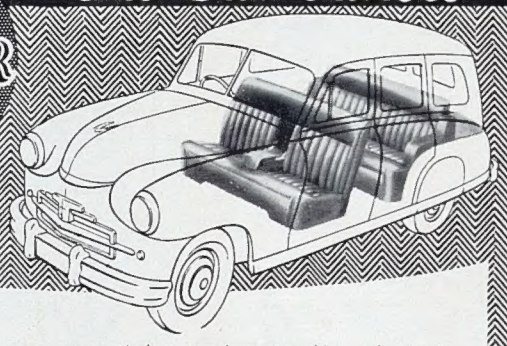

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